JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXIX 1822

ONE YEAR ON NOW By A.R.G.

GIB'S NEW TRICKS (Exclusive)

WOMEN IN WAR: AMAZING STORY

After a hard day's work
Bournville Cocoa's great
AND IT'S ONE FOOD THAT'S DOWN IN PRICE!

WHAT'S this? A food that's *down* in price? Yes, madam, Bournville Cocoa costs you less than it did before the war. *It has been reduced to ½d. per quarter-pound.* Housewives now find their old friend Bournville Cocoa to be a big new help in keeping the bills down. And don't forget that it's a natural food and it helps your nerves!

Ask for Bournville Cocoa. Larger supplies are now OBTAINABLE AT ALL GROCERS

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON — THE BLOOD BUILDER
★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D — VITAL TO HEALTH

BOURNVILLE COCOA THE 5-STAR

QUALITY UNALTERED

Save money

BUY THE ½lb. TIN 9½D
or the big
1 lb. FAMILY TIN 1/6

CHOCOLATE IN WARTIME

Restricted Supplies

Our supplies of fresh milk, of sugar, and of other raw materials are rationed. In addition we have big Government contracts to meet.

Yet public demand for chocolate and cocoa is greater than ever because they are such concentrated and convenient foods.

In order to distribute the available supplies fairly we have had to ration all our customers. If therefore you cannot get your usual choice of Cadbury lines, please do not blame the shopkeeper. He is doing the best he can with short supplies.

We are doing the same. We are also ensuring that our lines remain, as always, of the very highest quality.

ISSUED BY

CADBURYS
OF BOURNVILLE

Coldstream Guards.

Raised by Lord Protector Cromwell at Newcastle in 1650. For some years they were known as the Lord General's Regiment of Guards. From the point of view of age they are the senior Guards Regiment. They marched with Monck from Coldstream to effect the restoration of Charles II and were the only Puritan Foot retained in the Royal Army. The Regiment became known as the Coldstream Guards in 1817.

For Smartness on all occasions they use

So brilliant · So quick · So easy

CB/TG/22

Phosferine gives excellent results

"I have found that Phosferine gives excellent results as a tonic, especially in times of extra work or strain when things seem 'to get on top of one.' A few days' treatment will completely reverse the position. I have recently taken Phosferine to ward off the colds, etc., that often occur at this time of year, and have kept very fit."—*Says Mrs. M. W.*

10 DROPS WILL BUCK YOU UP!

The greater the strain under which you are living—the greater your need of Phosferine. The very first dose will brace and invigorate you and every succeeding dose will continue to put back into you energy, strength, vitality, confidence.

Ask your Chemist for a bottle, to-day.

PHOSFERINE *Brand*

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 (Including Tax).

Two tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size. You save 2/-.

The Pebble in the Pool

A MANUFACTURER changes from peace to war production—more for the Services and less for the civilian. A wholesaler gets less to distribute to the shops. A shopkeeper gets less to serve from his counters. A customer must buy less. When the pebble is dropped in the pool the effects are felt to the very edge.

When a lifetime has been spent building up trade, it is hard to believe that some of that hard-won trade must be sacrificed for the common good. For accepting the necessity without complaining; for playing the game fairly; for explaining and easing the situation for their customers; for starting all over again to learn vital new jobs, the men who man the home supply services—manufacturers, wholesalers, representatives, and retailers alike—may well feel proud of the part they are playing to bring the day of victory closer yet.

ISSUED BY

THE BOARD OF TRADE

YOU MAY WISH TO CUT OUT THIS PAGE AND DISPLAY IT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get those two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/3.

"My thoughts grow in the aroma of that particular tobacco."
(Earl Baldwin, Dundee, 1925)

Presbyterian Mixture

A. GALE & CO., LTD., GLASGOW.

Regrets

LIMITED CIVILIAN SUPPLIES

BLANCO

WHITE CLEANER

WARNING!

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 17, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them ; naught shall make us ru
If England to itself do rest but true"

RUSSIA

● **Revolutions are not always bloody—even in Russia.**

What has happened in Moscow is a real revolution.

Joe Stalin, after being a behind-the-scenes dictator for nearly twenty years, has made himself Prime Minister.

AND Litvinov is being brought back to power while Molotov's star fades away: an important point whose significance has not been fully realised in Britain.

Litvinov, you remember, was the champion of a real League of Nations and a zealous anti-Fascist, anti-Nazi.

He had to be thrown overboard when Russia prepared for friendship with Germany. It is obvious why he has been brought back to advise Stalin.

That semi-god worshipped two idols, Marx and Peter the Great. Molotov persuaded him to betray both by the pact with Hitler.

But he would rather face the reproach of having been unfaithful to Marx than continuing to betray Peter.

And now he realises the worthlessness of the Hitler pact.

German troops move through Finland. The Dardanelles are threatened. Himmler is organising White Guard emigrants.

Nazi radio once more rails against Bolshevism.

And Stalin has awakened to his grave danger!

Straight from the Shoulder

VICTORY'S KEYWORD

PARITY, like patriotism, is not enough.

To beat the enemy we must do more than match his production. We must out-match it.

A great fuss is made because we are producing as many 'planes as Germany.

We should be producing far more.

It quickens our blood to read of one Spitfire fighting seven Messerschmitts.

It would quicken the war's end if we had seven Spitfires to every one Messerschmitt.

Password to Victory

There is a keyword to quicker production—and therefore to quicker victory.

Co-ordination !

We have got to co-ordinate labour. We must co-ordinate transport. Above all, we shall go on jogging along at half-speed unless we co-ordinate supplies.

In the Doldrums

The shipbuilding position is serious.

With the help of America, Mr. Churchill says, we can "probably" maintain our minimum essential shipping traffic during 1941.

But the minimum won't win the war. It will only enable us to hold our own. To overwhelm Germany we MUST increase our shipbuilding rate.

Bottlenecks

What are the obstacles ?

In many yards there is insufficient labour.

Raw materials are held up by bad transport. So are the workers themselves.

No Co-ordination

Many of them have had to be evacuated from their bombed homes to the country. Their wives find that the village shops cannot supply them with food.

The men find that the bus services are inadequate. So they arrive late at the yards each morning.

No Axle, No Bus

A JOHN BULL man visited a big munition factory the other day.

He congratulated a high official on some fine production figures.

"Yes," said the high official, "but we could do so much better if the local bus company could get spare parts."

That day, part of the morning shift hadn't arrived—because a bus had broken its back axle.

Weary Wait

When the bus manager pleads for spare parts, Whitehall tells him to "wait his turn"—as if he wanted those spare parts for joy-riding.

That's happening throughout the country.

And the motor-coach park at any big race meeting would supply just the spare parts that are needed to take war workers to their jobs.

Crazy Corner

At another factory our representative saw men stitching cordite into bags for the making of giant shells.

"Why men?" he asked.

"Because the employment exchange is sending local women to an aircraft factory hundreds of miles away," was the answer.

The head of the local munition factory has to waste hours each week going round teashops and buying cups of tea he doesn't want—to tempt the waitresses into his factory.

More Folly

If he had visited a London restaurant he would have met a receptionist who had been tempted away from a munition works—after the Government had spent a lot of money on her training.

Yet other munition workers, who want to try other war work which they think they could do better, are ordered to "stay put."

Strong Men Wanted

At another factory heavy parts urgently needed by the Fleet are held up for lack of strong men to move them.

As fast as men of muscle are found they are seized for the Services—to peel potatoes, probably.

Yet the place is full of men the firm could replace to-morrow—but who are "reserved."

No conveyor system can handle the heavy goods. So some of the directors have actually been going in on Sundays to help move the slippery metal.

Too-Slow Tanks

The continual filching of strong men for the Services has created one of the worst bottlenecks in war production.

It is holding up tank manufacture.

Yes, we have the Prime Minister's assurance that the tanks are coming along in good numbers.

But we could double those numbers in a month—if strong labourers were available.

Too Much Khaki!

Months ago, JOHN BULL said that too many men were being taken from industry and put into khaki. Mr. Lloyd George has lately supported our complaint.

What is the good of an Army of four million men unless we have equipment ready now for four millions?

The Germans—and General Wavell—have shown that you don't need vast armies to win battles nowadays. You do need heavy arms—of which we haven't enough.

Kicking Their Heels

Week after week we hear of soldiers—and airmen—kicking their heels in idleness or picking up bits of paper from camp grounds while awaiting training.

JOHN BULL says that many of them should be released for work in the factories.

Great Round-up

When sufficient equipment is available for a bigger Army, the extra recruits can be found among those not wholly engaged on war production.

Wisely, this policy has been adopted.

THERE IS TO BE A GREAT COMB-OUT OF DODGERS WHO HAVE TAKEN REFUGE ON FARMS.

BUT GENUINE LANDWORKERS WILL BE RESERVED.

"Luxury gardeners" will no longer be allowed to tend hothouse flowers. They will help to produce food.

Short Time

This is a start, but only a start. Next stage in the co-ordination of Labour must ensure that every war worker has a full-time job.

Letters stream in to JOHN BULL from arms workers who are tired of short time and of being told by foremen to "go slow."

Wasted Millions

One man gave up a fine business and his own private aeroplane to take a job in an aircraft factory.

This is his report:

The factory costs a million pounds a month. The men work an average of half an hour a day.

Man hours in the finishing shops are equal to a production of 100 engines a week. Actually, the production is three engines a week.

Lowering Morale

He assures us that the men are "absolutely sick and tired of being taunted by workers in other factories"—and of being told to "look busy" when distinguished visitors arrive.

He is so disgusted himself that he has resigned for an inferior job.

And he adds: "The management is completely to blame."

Sack Them!

A Government spokesman admits bad management in many factories.

But why is bad management tolerated after twenty months of war?

Why is the Government not using its wide powers to sack inefficient managers?

Fairness

Let us be fair about this.

A firm getting a giant contract in peace time is doing marvels if it can start full production within six months.

Factories can't be laid out and jigs set up in a few days. Even if they could be—well, skilled workers have to adapt themselves and the unskilled be trained.

The Laggards

But there are times when everything is ready except the material. Or the workpeople. Or the transport.

The Ministries keep on telling industry "Go to it."

Industry should turn round and shriek at the Ministries, "Co-ordinate!"

Race with Hitler

We don't pretend that all centres of production are in a hopeless mess. There is far more efficiency in industry than the muddles of which we speak.

But we can't afford any gaps, any enforced idleness.

Hitler has hinted that Germany, too, has production troubles. We must overcome ours before he can remedy his own.

Who dare say that it can't be done?

(Continued overleaf)

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER

This Policy provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to "John Bull" Insurance Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Behind the News

● **Ban on transport of war material across Russia has cut short secret barter agreement between Germany and Japan—Nazi 'planes in exchange for Jap naval units and harbour facilities for sea raiders.**

● *But Hitler is trying harder than ever to rush Japan into war in order to prevent U.S.A. shipments reaching the Middle East via the Pacific. Tokio tells him: Reach the Suez, and persuade Russia to stop helping China!*

● Soviet supplies reaching Chiang-kai-shek now exceed 3,000 tons of munitions a month.

● **Goering's efforts to threaten Finland into diverting high-grade Petsamo nickel to Germany have failed. Russia is getting first pick.**

● *Nazis fear that even if they did blitz through Irak towards the oil-fields, Russia would "beat them to it," as in Poland.*

● Influx of German transport officials into Spain continues. Their job is to prepare for the passage of Nazi troops to attack Gibraltar. Their difficulty is that Spanish rail tracks are wider than the French lines.

● **Disorganisation following Nazi savagery in the Balkans has caused epidemics of typhoid, pneumonia and cholera to break out.**

● *Another phase of near-starvation is also reported from Belgium, where rationing has been cut down to at least half the quantities allowed anywhere except Poland.*

● Tobruk reverses held up timetable of whole Nazi Mediterranean plan, besides losing "hot-house" troops and equipment specially adapted for desert warfare.

● **Ribbentrop is disappointed. Turkish and Egyptian backing of pro-British Arab army in Transjordania has greatly influenced Syrian Arabs against Axis.**

● *Increasing numbers of French colonial officers and technicians in Syria, disgusted by broken promises to uphold French honour, are continually leaving to join Free French Forces in other African spheres.*

● Official U.S.A. figures show 'plane production "parity" with Germany. But Hitler has good reason to fear that this is an example of American caution and that, like the naval programme, Roosevelt's aircraft plans are ahead of schedule.

● **Comparison specially hateful to the Nazis is that of rubber position. Under R.A.F. bombing of ersatz factories, the more Goering is forced to compete in 'planes and transport, the greater will the disparity become.**

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

HUNDREDS of small shopkeepers are being forced to close down owing to limitation of supplies. (See page 5.)

Many are saddled with long leases. Must they continue to pay rent on premises they can no longer use?

They should be among the first to be helped by the Government's "debt adjusters" under the War Liabilities Act.

Poor Man's Valuer

Free advice on war damage claims is to be given to poor victims of the enemy's spite.

Surveyors and auctioneers are setting up a Poor Man's Valuers' Association on the lines of the poor man's lawyer scheme. It will be extended to all blitzed towns.

Make 'Em Pay!

Fire-watching schemes are still at sixes and sevens. It certainly seems unfair that hard-worked citizens should be compelled to watch empty houses whose rich owners have taken themselves and their butlers to the safety of the countryside.

But JOHN BULL disagrees with the suggestion that they should be made to return.

We want to keep people out of the bombed towns, not bring them back.

It should be incumbent on owners of deserted property, however, to pay for their own fire-watchers.

Unless this is done, Mr. Morrison, you'll hear a lot of grumbling.

Danger Dumps

Are there sufficient watchers at *all* oil dumps? Is the Petroleum Board organising a sound scheme?

We are told that only two untrained watchers are on duty at one petrol dump in a Scottish town, none at a reserve store near-by.

We await the Board's comment.

Eighth-Told Tale

Week's worst story of official ineptitude comes from Birmingham.

A girl was putting out fire bombs last December when one exploded, burning her face and eyes. As she lost a week's work, her mother applied for compensation. No answer came from the P.A.C.

Last March, when a boy neighbour was compensated for a similar injury, application was renewed.

Officialdom, regretting the delay, sent eight forms to be signed by the doctor who attended the girl!

(Continued from preceding page)

Story Continued

A few weeks later another batch of forms arrived. The unlucky doctor filled them up.

Further delay. Then, a few days ago, Officialdom blandly refused compensation because application had not been made within three months!

Those people who used to think that our prize boobies lived in Whitehall should now know better.

Total War!

Cardiff youth, after medical examination, was given six months' R.A.F. training as a gunner. Then he was found to have poor eyesight—and is now a batman.

His sister passed a "medical" and was accepted for the W.A.A.F. At a training centre, she had another examination, and was sent home—because a weak instep "would prevent her from doing her work" as a shorthand typist!

How Do They Live?

The wages paid to women employed by N.A.A.F.I. seem to justify a statement by that secretive body.

We'd like to know, for example, whether some girls are getting less than £1 a week, minus deductions for uniform.

Sweets for Tommy

One N.A.A.F.I. scandal continues despite official assurances.

Soldiers can buy six bars of chocolate a day simply by making six visits to the canteen. Many of them send the chocolate home for their children, certainly, but it seems to us an indirect and indefensible method of distribution.

No Intelligence

The Army evidently doesn't share Mr. Hore-Belisha's wish for a better Intelligence Service.

A teacher, who has a knowledge of eight languages, volunteered for the job. With six other volunteers, he was given a two months' training course.

Next two months were wasted in a disused cotton mill surrounded by mud. Then the squad was passed on to the Intelligence Corps Depot, to be drilled in ceremonial slow marches and an intensive spit-and-polish course as if they were Guardsmen.

Infrequent lectures were given by privates or lance-corporals. At last, the disgusted linguist managed to get a transfer to A.R.P.

Hemmed

Disgusted, also, are women volunteers in a Surrey suburb who spent hours in laboriously hemming triangular bandages—until a Whitehall dull-wit discovered that bandages do not need hemming, and rescinded his order.

Expensive

Aircraft worker is employed 200 miles away from his Leeds home. Another man on the same work, whose home is near-by, is being sent to a Leeds factory, and will be paid billeting allowance.

The Leeds native has been refused a transfer. He assures us that there are hundreds of similar cases in the factory.

We can quite believe it.

We Bow

Don't think our contempt applies to all officialdom. Fairness demands this tribute to an Air Ministry official with whom JOHN BULL had business recently.

He promised immediate attention. We got it. Moreover, he telephoned us several times to make sure there was no hitch in the matter.

It is worth adding that Air Ministry officials grace their efficiency with courtesy.

Mean

Bombed out from Kent, a soldier's wife took refuge with a relative near Prescot, Lancashire, and sought a house on a local estate.

"Sorry," said the agent, "but we cannot let houses to soldiers' wives."

Why on earth this nonsensical victimisation?

Horrifying

Revolting facts reported to us from a Surrey town should be noted by the Ministry of Health.

Mother of a newly born infant was given a baby's respirator covered with dust. On lifting it from the box she found a scrap of paper bearing these words:

"Baby died—possibly from spinal meningitis."

Local medical officer, promising an investigation, assures the father that "No serious harm has resulted" except to the mother's nerves.

But can't the A.R.P. service afford to buy disinfectants?

Law Dodging

Some housewives are buying horseflesh without knowing it.

Certain makes of meat roll contain horseflesh, but the roll is taken out of the tin by the shopkeeper and sold in small quantities.

So the label on the tin, "This product contains horseflesh"—as stipulated by law—is not seen by the customer.

Unfair

One chain store has its own system of distributing non-rationed foodstuffs. The more rationed goods you buy, the more unrationed goods you are allowed.

One woman, last week, was thus allowed 25 eggs. In another district the same firm allowed 18 eggs to a customer.

Yet small tradesmen cannot offer even one egg a week to regular customers.

Rarer Than Onions

In many Welsh industrial areas eggs are rarer than onions. Yet lorries owned by Wolverhampton firms arrive every week to take away thousands of eggs from Welsh farms.

On and On and On

Somerset butcher, wanting to buy dripping, was told by the refinery: "We have tons of it, but can't sell it without a permit."

The butcher, applying for a permit, has been coldly informed: "Permits are issued only to bakers, confectioners and fish fryers."

So the great food muddle goes on. So does official complacency.

Easy Money

"There's bound to be waste in a war of this magnitude," M.P.s have been reminded by a Government spokesman.

Quite so. But the point is that much waste is due to carelessness.

The Auditor-General points out that retired officers, supposed to be paid 21s. a day for interviewing recruits, were paid 42s. a day "by mistake." And that's a mild case.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"

IN this country before the war there were approximately a million retail shops doing a turnover of about two thousand millions a year.

A great many of them have since closed down. For one reason or another, they have become economic casualties.

JOHN BULL never supposed that true "equality of sacrifice" could be achieved, but we hoped that the Government would aim at something near it.

If such an aim there be, we can only say that so far it is wide of the mark and particularly wide of it in the case of the retail trader.

We feel that the Government's attitude to this important and deserving section of the community is rather like that of certain venal Buddhists, who, being forbidden by their religion to destroy life, still take fish out of the water because, after that, the poor fish die of their own accord.

THOUSANDS OF LITTLE BUSINESSES ARE IN DANGER OF "DYING" IN THE SAME WAY. THEY WILL NOT BE KILLED, BUT THEY WILL FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO LIVE.

The Government appears indifferent to this widespread tragedy and grave social injustice.

At all events, Captain Waterhouse, Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, remarked blandly in the House of Commons only a few weeks ago:—

"There is a good deal to be said for the suggestion that small shopkeepers should realise their stocks, invest their money and go into other work. After the war they could return to their business with some capital behind them for a fresh start."

The most suitable retort to that astonishing statement is: "What a hope!"

What about goodwill, rents, leases, and so on? Stock, it is true, can always be sold nowadays, but who can sell a small shop as a going concern when, obviously, he cannot make it go?

JOHN BULL asserts bluntly that "the little man" forced to realise in this way would, more often than not, find it difficult to raise enough to meet his commitments.

He would have no capital left to use after the war, and no business to return to. He would be ruined.

At the same time we do not shirk the fact that it is desirable in the national interest to close down as many non-essential businesses as possible and to release from them all available man-power.

WHAT "JOHN BULL" COMPLAINS OF IS THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS NOT FORMULATED A COMPREHENSIVE POLICY TO ACHIEVE THIS END WITH THE MINIMUM OF HARDSHIP TO THE INDIVIDUAL.

It has not faced the fact that many "little men," and women, in the retail trade are elderly or infirm. If their shops were closed, they might find it impossible to obtain alternative work.

Even if they could do so, how would that compensate them for the loss of businesses in which they have, perhaps, invested all their money and years of patient work?

Captain Lyttelton, the President of the Board of Trade, has certainly given a promise that "where the size of a firm is so small that the dislocation caused would outweigh the advantages of concentration, we shall not touch it."

But we are not here discussing any concentration of industries, small or large, but only the fate of those retailers who are left free to "carry on," but allowed almost nothing to sell.

A Bill, already drafted by the Board of Trade and shortly to come before the House, is clearly designed to force a great many more of them out of business.

This Bill will give the Central Price Control Committee powers to fix wholesale and retail prices of many goods without regard to increased costs due to overhead charges. And yet these overheads grow no less with the shrinking supply of goods for sale!

Charges for services, laundry work, boot and shoe repairs, dry cleaning, and so on, will also be fixed in the same way, and, though this may be all to the benefit of the consuming public, it will clearly make it more difficult than ever for the small shopkeeper to earn a living.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

Now, though JOHN BULL warmly supports every Government endeavour to peg down the cost of living, and though we admit that minority interests must never be allowed to outweigh the public welfare, we are not satisfied that the retail trade is being given fair and proper consideration.

Tobacconists and confectioners in particular have many legitimate grounds for complaint.

These are pre-eminently the shops of "the little man," and we maintain that all available supplies should be reserved for them.

In our view, the Board of Trade ought at once to stop the sale of tobacco and cigarettes, except to those who earn their living thereby.

We think it scandalous that pubs. and clubs, cafés and restaurants, grocers and general traders of all sorts, should still be able to obtain supplies when the genuine tobacconist is going desperately short.

SMALL TOBACCONISTS, BANDING THEMSELVES TOGETHER, ARE ACTUALLY SUGGESTING THAT THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER SHOULD CHARGE THEM FIVE GUINEAS FOR THEIR ANNUAL LICENCES INSTEAD OF FIVE AND THREEPENCE!

This seemingly curious eagerness to pay more taxation instead of less is explained by the hope that the dearer licence would eliminate most of the "unfair" competition.

JOHN BULL would prefer decisive action by the Board of Trade. We want to see "unfair" competition stopped altogether.

THIS view applies to the confectioner just as much as the tobacconist, and often, indeed, the small shop could only exist in peace time by combining the two trades.

Before the war there were 230,000 confectioners in Great Britain selling £65,000,000 worth of sweets a year. Hundreds upon hundreds of them have been squeezed out since then for lack of supplies.

And again JOHN BULL asserts that the Government is at least partly to blame for this because it has permitted the grossly unfair competition of Army, Y.M.C.A. and industrial canteens, not to speak of the chain stores, the grocers, and all the other concerns outside the real trade which are allowed to sell sweets as a "sideline."

Apart from the tobacco and confectionery trades, there are many thousands of small fancy goods shops, fruiterers, haberdashers, drapers, purveyors of toilet requisites, and so on, which are all feeling the great squeeze.

Their supplies have been cut down by anything from one-half to three-quarters; their expenses are unchanged, and soon, apparently, they will no longer be allowed to add their normal standing charges to the prices of the reduced number of goods which they still have for sale.

ON SEVERAL PREVIOUS OCCASIONS JOHN BULL HAS DRAWN THE GOVERNMENT'S ATTENTION, NOT ONLY TO THE GENERAL PROBLEM HERE REVIEWED, BUT ALSO TO THE PARTICULAR HARDSHIP AND SUFFERING OF RETAILERS IN EVACUATED AREAS, WHOSE BUSINESSES HAVE BEEN RUINED SIMPLY BECAUSE THEIR CUSTOMERS HAVE VANISHED.

We are not alone in our anxiety for the little shopkeepers in our nation of shopkeepers. Several M.P.s have suggested that their rates should be reduced, and that they should be granted other taxation concessions.

JOHN BULL would welcome any sympathetic approach to this great human problem, but it cannot be solved without a considered Government policy.

We therefore make the following suggestions: Firstly, that rating and taxation burdens should be reduced in rough proportion with the compulsorily reduced turnover.

Secondly, that small shops and one-man businesses be given greater consideration than chain stores and canteens, and that every effort be made to keep in business all the "little men" who would find it hard to obtain any alternative war employment.

Thirdly, that available supplies be distributed as far as possible among those traders who deal solely or mainly in the particular commodity.

And, finally, that the Government should face up boldly to its post-war obligations to all small shopkeepers who, in spite of these precautions, must be squeezed out of business by economic conditions.

That can be done by an outright scheme of licensing to control the opening of retail shops. In this way small traders could be given the first chance to start up again after the war.

After all, we profess to be fighting for the rights of little men the world over. How can we, then, remain indifferent to the threatened ruin of so many of our own kith and kin?

HUMAN MACHINE

The Other Fellow

When we need a little corrective to some cock-eyed notion from which we are suffering, we are often advised to "put ourselves in the other fellow's place."

Well, to be made to see someone else's troubles is certainly a good way.

But there is another thing we might sometimes do.

We ought to put the other fellow in our place.

If you are, for example, one of those people who spend their whole time meeting possible evils by anticipation, wearing yourself and your associates to a frayed rag by worry and anxiety about the future—try this recipe and see how you like it!

Imagine, say, the Prime Minister behaving as you are doing!

Think what would happen if General Wavell spent all day and half the night in assuring all who would listen to him that things could not very well be worse!

Picture the nervous wrecks that would result if any of those who are carrying almost unimaginable loads of responsibility were to be so irresponsible towards you as you are being towards them—for that is the plain truth of it.

You would hate it, wouldn't you?

Well, if those who are doing your worrying for you aren't behaving like this, why should you?

OPEN LETTERS

Sheriff WALKER, Hamilton Sheriff Court

DEAR SIR,—I am astounded by the punishment inflicted on John Hunter, a young seaman.

He has been torpedoed three times—once since Christmas—and his health has been affected. A doctor ordered him three days' leave, and the medical certificate was sent to the shipping agents.

Yet he has been summoned for absenting himself from his ship without leave—and you have fined him £2 or ten days' imprisonment.

How would you feel in such circumstances?—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD GEORGE, M.P., Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—Have all the snails of Whitehall joined your staff?

Food office in a great city wanted its windows cleaned. It asked the Ministry of Food's permission—and sent frequent reminders for three months until, at last, official sanction was given.

A trifling matter, of course. But it helps to explain why food scandals flourish for months before control is imposed.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS, Railway Companies

SIRS,—Still not satisfied with your pound of flesh? Still heedless of the discomfort and anger you cause the public?

Third-class coaches are packed to suffocation.

First-class carriages are locked to prevent soldiers and other "third-class travellers" from finding a seat.

An aircraft worker, busy seven days a week, had a day off to see his parents in Wigan. Returning by the night train to London, he found all the third-class seats full.

Later on, to get a little rest before starting work, he took a seat in the restaurant car. Told to go, he ordered a cup of coffee, and was thus allowed to remain.

But he was charged 2s. 9d.—minimum charge for "breakfast"!

I am glad he refused to pay. I do not think you will dare prosecute. But I am furious that very many war workers are being denied seats unless they are willing to pay first-class fares.—JOHN BULL.

Captain LYTTELTON, President Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—Many arms workers take an hour off each day to comb their towns for cigarettes.

Members of my staff have been implored to try to send them some from London. But London, too, has a shortage.

Soldiers in some units are without tobacco for days.

Many shops now refuse to sell cigarettes to women, even though these women may be important war workers.

Week by week, the problem grows more acute. At last, your Tobacco Controller is considering the position.

But I am not impressed by his belated promises. I demand that you yourself should intervene.

For, apart from questions of distribution and ramps, it is officially admitted that supplies have been deliberately reduced even though people are smoking more.

You can't stop people in heavily raided towns from wanting to smoke. You can't deprive workers from smoking without production falling.

Tobacco is a factor of morale, whether you like it or not.

Therefore, it should be regarded as a war essential.

Restore the trade to 100 per cent. production!

Though general rationing is impracticable, it should be possible to make an adequate issue each week to arms workers and A.R.P. Services.

Of the remainder, preference in distribution should be given to the great towns that suffer frequent visits from Goering's bombers. — JOHN BULL.

The BOROUGH COUNCIL, Surbiton

GENTLEMEN,—A reader has held one of your allotments for thirty-eight years. He hardly needs to be urged to Dig for Victory.

Certainly he does not need the three separate copies of the Dig for Victory pamphlet that you have sent him in three foolscap envelopes.

If this is your idea of economical efficiency, I pity your ratepayers.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. P. YOUNG, Director of Labour Supply

DEAR SIR,—A widow aged thirty-eight has managed five shops and controlled a staff of sixty in her own business.

A year ago she registered for national service at Gloucester, Birmingham, Coventry, Bristol and London.

She has excellent references, which I have seen. She has spent £6 in fares in attempts to get a job as supervisor or welfare worker.

But the fact that she did not have a University education is apparently considered a grave drawback!

I find similar odd prejudices in the mobilisation of our woman-power. Can you not guarantee work for every fit man and woman? Can you not make it clear that everyone must be allowed to help in the nation's struggle?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. ISAAC JONES, Leigh, Lancs.

DEAR SIR,—Evidently the rigid minds of some magistrates are proof against war problems.

Bombed out from Manchester at the age of sixty, you and your nerve-shattered wife found refuge in a caravan.

The landowner where it is situated has been fined for allowing you to shelter there.

Mentioning that your three sons were serving in the Army, you pleaded in vain with the magistrates to find you a house.

In peace time, I oppose the caravan nuisance. In war, I support the official policy of "dispersal."

And I have no patience with magistrates—or the Ministry of Health—who prevent people from "dispersing" away from the heavily bombed areas.

I wager that if they were bombed themselves they would show a little more common-sense towards such victims as yourself!—JOHN BULL.

Lieut.-Gen. EASTWOOD, Director-General, Home Guard

DEAR GENERAL,—An impressive list has been given of the equipment which every Home Guard should have. Would it not be better to give the actual equipment rather than a list?

I am told of Home Guards, G.P.O. section, on duty at telephone exchanges and post offices without rifles, steel helmets, respirators or greatcoats.

You will, I am sure, do your utmost to speed up supplies.—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. CONTROLLER, Canvey Island, Essex

DEAR SIR,—When, some months ago, an A.R.P. night telephonist was required, the job went to a man of military age who owned two shops.

Yet the stipulations were: "Unemployed and over military age."

The same job falling vacant again, unemployed islanders who applied for it were rejected in favour of an evacuee!

Next, I suppose, a South Seas Islander will be appointed.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. H. MORRISON, M.P., Minister of Home Security

DEAR SIR,—A.F.S. men still have grievances. Worst is that of sick pay. Let me give you an example:

A fireman fell ill as the result of a heavy London *blitz*. His pay stopped after three weeks; the doctor ordered him to take up light duties for a while.

There is no light work in the fire brigade, of course. So he cannot be accepted for duty—and cannot get his wages.

Public Assistance offers him food tickets, but no money for his rent. Can you tell him what he is to do?—JOHN BULL.

Sir WALTER WOMERSLEY, M.P., Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—Though you talk of the "tremendous dissatisfaction" felt against your Department, you claim it is sheer nonsense. Parliament and public will not be mollified by your show of irritation.

There are many and serious anomalies in granting pensions to war victims.

The sooner you end them, the quicker will you cease to be the target for M.P.s' criticisms.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF BILLETING OFFICER, Staffs.

SIR,—Last November, two women living at Rudyard, near Leek, were urgently asked to accept two child evacuees. They agreed—and ever since have been vainly trying to secure billeting allowance.

This flagrant injustice must be unique. Does it arise from jealous squabbles between various officials?

I hope you will quickly supply the answer—and the remedy!—JOHN BULL.

MICHAEL CLOUD, continuing his thrilling new series on night fighters, reveals a terrific, victorious battle with a Nazi bomber amid 80 degrees of frost—the coldest fight on record

Muffled in electrically heated suits, R.A.F. night pilots study their maps while awaiting the order to soar into the Arctic cold above Britain

Fight Four Miles Up!

HURTLING through the night sky a *Beaufighter* is cleaving the icy air beneath the glittering stars.

Only if you are a night pilot do you realise the majesty of the worlds about us. And only then do you realise how cold it can be!

From the cockpit the pilot peers through electrically heated goggles.

His face is covered with whale-grease to prevent frost-bite. His electric Sidcot suit covers so many leather waistcoats, woollen pull-overs and sets of silk underwear that when he strips for a bath before turning in for the day the heap of clothes is bigger than his hard, greyhound-trained body.

A fleece-lined helmet covers his head. Through a tube he draws in oxygen to help create artificial warmth that would stifle him on earth.

Yet the cold is such that it feels as if his bones were being slowly cracked in a vice.

Shadow to Starboard

A shadow in the starlight away to starboard!

The figure in the cockpit moves. Easily as a swift, the sleek black machine leans sideways and darts towards the shadow with a rising whine that tells of something over 400 m.p.h.

The shadow disperses. It was nothing.

The *Beaufighter* turns away on a fresh tack.

Far below is the ice danger zone.

From 3,000 feet to 10,000 feet, higher in summer, lower in winter, is a 7,000-feet deep zone where minute droplets of water freeze into sheet-ice on the already terrifically wingloaded surfaces of the 'plane.

They can sheathe the "prop" and throw the engine out of balance or send great jagged lumps hard as shrapnel flying back into the fuselage.

They may choke the air-intake and cause engine failure, or perhaps mass on the wing's leading edge and bring the machine down.

But the *Beaufighter* is above that zone now—though it may dive into it during a fight.

Meanwhile, myriads of glittering ice crystals, too dry to congeal on the 'plane, steadily slither off its surfaces down into the starlit void.

Eighty Degrees of Frost!

Yes, it's cold. Fifty degrees below zero, as the night fighter zooms steadily up almost to its "ceiling" to have a look round nearer the stars.

Think of eighty degrees of frost, you who are accustomed to consider twenty degrees of frost a lifetime's record!

But the young pilot tenses suddenly with a tremor not caused by cold. Away to port is another shadow, seen for an instant, then lost.

The shape of a *Junkers*, with its tapered wing and long, fat body!

And now begins a death-hunt as furtive as that of the Redskin scalper on the war-trail.

The *Beaufighter* must not be seen, or the quarry will slip away.

The pilot, leaning forward and staring through his screen, opens the throttle a little wider. The finest engines made by man respond with a shriller roar.

The *Junkers* is flying very high—six miles high.

Clearly it has got rid of its bombs and is trying to sneak home away up out of reach of the searchlights, where the beat of its engines cannot be caught by any ground apparatus.

It does not know that the Angel of Death flies behind.

Stalking his Prey

Stealthily, the *Beaufighter* draws nearer, from astern and far above. So far above that the cold grows more intense—unnoticed.

The pilot crouches forward, his breath coming in subdued gasps that rob his body of the oxygen that alone keeps his blood from chilling.

Deftly he moves the stick, opens the throttle cautiously a little more. No professor poising above a nervous butterfly could be more tense.

Through the goggles his eyes glitter over his sights.

"On the sights" comes the tail of the *Junkers*—vanishes—comes on again bigger—then the middle of the raider's "backbone" comes on the sights and is held steady there, growing larger.

The pilot's breath whistles in, and he tries to take the cable to which the firing button is attached. Then from the closed cockpit comes a sudden agonised groan!

The cold has cramped him so that he cannot get upright, cannot move his arms, cannot get hold of the button of death.

With his face working, he draws in great gulps of oxygen. He moves like a wooden idol coming to life.

And the *Junkers* is gone—gone like something that has never been. It has vanished into a wisp of mist.

Instantly the *Beaufighter* is buried in the same clinging mist. The firing button is in the pilot's hand now—now that it is too late, and half an hour's stalking has gone for nothing.

Ah! There it is again! But turning away to port. Alarmed—trying to hide.

The pilot realises that his leather oxygen mask is stifling him. His breath has congealed into an inner mask of solid ice. He puts up a gloved hand to clear it. . . .

From the bomber's tail comes a vivid yellow stab of flame. It seems as if the *Beaufighter* has been struck by a thunderbolt.

The pilot is hurled against the side of the cockpit, and the machine reels off its course. By a struggle it is wrenched back, flying lopsidedly, with a sudden horrifying impression of nightmare speed but of human control.

The young pilot stares at his port wing. The shot from the enemy's tail gun had exploded just beyond his wingtip, and two pounds of high explosive had stripped away part of the skin of the wing right down to the metal ribs.

Flying-trim is dangerous. The pilot bites his lip, and, for half a moment, stares down into the void, wondering whether to bale out.

He is sitting on his parachute, and it is undamaged. Just slide back the roof, step up, walk off . . .

His eyes go back to the *Junkers*, and he stoops forward again. Stalking is at an end. The time has come for the kill—kill, or be killed!

Again there is that blinding stab of light, and again the enemy bomber scorrs

Steering Gear Damaged

The shell explodes some way below the *Beaufighter's* tail, and instantly the pilot knows by feel that it has somehow damaged the steering-gear.

Still, he carries on; his eyes glitter through the goggles.

He makes no effort to fire back, keeping silent the biggest concentration of gunpower carried by anything that flies.

The Germans cannot like the silence with which the pursuer comes after them, gaining on them.

Four times their shell-gun whacks. But the avenger still comes on, staggering a little, trying to sideslip, held and guided by hands of steel.

Closer. Closer. Crack-crack! go the *Junkers'* guns. Closer. Closer—right in to point-blank range, till the middle of the *Junkers* fills up the firing sights.

Answering Back!

And then a stuttering, roaring string of concussions in a blast of sound as if two comets had collided.

At last the *Beaufighter* guns are answering back!

Pretty spangles of brilliant colour appear round the *Junkers'* wingtip. Tit for tat—the winged *Beaufighter* tears great lumps out of the *Junkers'* wing.

The big machine staggers visibly—then recovers, while the flames from its exhausts show its flight to be at the very extreme of its speed.

Simultaneously, the *Beaufighter* pilot feels his machine go out of control. He had given it too great a burst of speed for its badly damaged condition; perhaps the shudder from the burst of gunfire affected it.

It starts to dive, and for a moment it seems that, with its now terrific speed, it will dive straight into the *Junkers'* back.

German pilots, with courage off the ice in every other form of air battle, will not face ramming. They always flinch away.

And so it is this time. The big *Junkers* takes its only chance of escape—tries to make a steep turn on its damaged wing.

The *Beaufighter* dives past so close that the pilot can see everything that happens.

He sees the wing flutter—sees it break—sees it collapse, and a great section of it sail upwards and then curve down into distant space.

He sees the faces of men inside tho windows of the raider—men watching him, one (a pink-faced boy of eighteen or so) with his jaw dropped and his eyes starting, no doubt because he expected that the hawklike *Beaufighter* would ram and crash bodily into the cabin where he stands.

Hurtling into the Abyss

The British pilot sees the *Junkers* roll completely over and the jagged wing-stub come uppermost, and then, rolling over and over in horrible spirals, it goes hurtling down into the abyss.

Meanwhile, he has enough to do to try to get his own machine into control.

Flung about like a pea in a whistle, he never loses his grip of the controls, and presently—how, he does not understand—finds his machine on an even keel, flying very badly, at a height later proved to be less than 3,000 feet up.

He had dropped like a pluminet for nearly four miles.

Another few seconds of that headlong drop and he would have dashed into the earth and buried himself and the wreckage of his machine twenty feet deep—as deep as they found, next morning, the twisted ruins of the *Junkers* he had wrecked.

All its crew were killed. The boy who had stared in terror from the window was not mutilated—he lay beside the wreckage on his back, smiling up at the sky that had flung him to his death.

The British pilot got his *Beaufighter* down safely. It was an emergency landing, but it was carried out perfectly, and the machine was not damaged further.

So far the Germans have not bagged a single British night fighter.

In uniform or everyday clothes women are weaving a cavalcade of matchless courage. And it is no surprise revelation in a supreme test. It is just the breed

By MAURICE FAGENCE

THESE WOMEN OF BRITAIN

THERE has never been a day when British women have not been brave.

Even when the hot-house types of women were swooning in their Victorian parlours, their more typical sisters were enduring pestilence and famine in the Crimea.

Women shared with their menfolk some of the worst horrors of the Indian Mutiny—the Black Hole of Calcutta among them.

They were no slower than the men in saying "No" to surrender at Mafeking.

And all of us who travelled in a hospital train in France in the last war met at least one Nurse Cavell.

No, this is no new breed of woman that has earned the broadcast tribute of Mr. Menzies, Australia's Prime Minister—surely one of the greatest tributes ever made to womanhood.

In Dangerous Places

What, then, makes women's part in this war more admirable than in any crisis of the past?

I'll tell you.

Wherever you find danger in THIS war—there you will find a woman.

They don't go in submarines, of course.

But I will present to you the feminine counterpart of the submarine hero in the slim, pale young schoolmistress who crosses and recrosses the perilous Atlantic taking children to safety.

I have seen women lined up in hundreds for that dangerous job.

And women don't go bombing Berlin.

But I have stood on aerodromes where men pilots, waiting for new machines to be delivered by women, have looked up into the sky and said: "Visibility next to nothing. No horizon at all. She won't come, of course."

Then there has been the roar of an engine—and "she" has been there.

Amy Johnson died on such a day as that.

I have visited the worst-bombed factory in Britain.

I have been taken to the worst-bombed department of that factory.

And there, over three-quarters of its floor space, were women.

Some of them were girls of sixteen. Others of them were "girls" of little less than sixty.

Blackened walls and patched roofs told of some of the ordeals they had suffered.

A blitz had to kill or injure them to keep them from their machines next shift.

On the same tour I saw a convoy of two hundred lorry chassis that were being driven across Britain by convoy drivers of the A.T.S.

All day long these crocodiles move about the kingdom in scores.

The women I saw ranged in age from eighteen to something I wouldn't be unchivalrous enough even to guess at. Here and there were flecks of grey to give a hint.

They Just Keep on Driving

They drove slowly because new lorries *should* be driven slowly. But they drove coolly.

So coolly that you would never have guessed that on the previous day they had been machine-gunned from the air.

Now machine-gunning is bad enough when you have the steel plates of an armoured vehicle round you.

When you are driving a lorry without either floor or roof, and are, indeed, sitting on a seat roughly made of box wood that is the only pretence at bodywork, it can be more alarming still.

But only while bullets were actually spattering along the column did these girls quicken their pace.

Afterwards they relapsed into the crawl that best suits new engines—and the taxpayer's pocket.

That night they reported to the police at the nearest big town—it being the duty of the police to find them billets.

Not one boastful word did they utter about their experience.

Not until they were in their billets did the police know—from other sources.

They did not even tell the women who put them up—and not a hand trembled, not an aspirin bottle was produced to give them away.

At a remote spot in the country I saw a girl arrive at a gun-position in charge of a "Y canteen," as mobile tea wagons are called.

She was such a girl as you would prefer to see in a field of tulips.

With the Guns

But she did her job with a huge gun-muzzle traversing almost over her head.

And if a German airman had presented himself as a target at that moment, her feelings wouldn't have been spared one bit.

She seemed blasé about guns. I am fully convinced she would rather have spent war-time firing one than delivering tea.

There are actually women working anti-aircraft gun predictors at gun positions—and sharing with the men all the dangers of a duel between guns and bombers

Others, at schools where men learn their anti-aircraft gunnery by firing at sleeves towed by aircraft, work the kine-theodolites that show results.

Nothing but the very strong official determination that women shall never be actual combatants—thousands of women would like to be, particularly those who have seen the air-raid agony of children—keeps them from the gun breeches themselves.

Yet they are running just as great risks—in more womanly ways.

There are the women of the Queen's Messenger Food Convoys.

Arriving hot-foot in a blitzed town to succour the people rendered homeless by a raid, they find themselves catching the full force of the blitz on subsequent nights.

At Plymouth they worked on night after night—wet, dirty, dropping for want of sleep. Their eyes were reddened by smoke.

But they went on serving refreshments to the tired firemen as incendiaries poured down.

When high explosives followed they threw themselves to the ground, to become more wet, more dirty.

But always, within a matter of seconds, they were back again at the job they had volunteered to do.

Then there are the W.A.A.F. girls in charge of aerodrome switchboards. They are rarely known to leave their posts, even during the worst bombing attacks.

They know that the worse the attack the greater the need of efficient telephone communications—so they "stay put."

Similarly, the women telephonists of the auxiliary fire services do the bulk of their work at the very peak of each blitz.

They have to keep pace with all developments during these raids. If firemen find themselves fighting a losing battle, they have to get more firemen. They have to know where every unit is at every moment.

When dawn brings an end to it all for another day, they have to present officialdom with a complete and accurate picture of what has happened.

They are the historians of the air raids. They do their job as if they were compiling more sedate histories.

But so many women are working without fear for themselves when the bombers are overhead that one finds oneself cautious of making distinctions.

Missions of Mercy

There are the women of the London Auxiliary Ambulance Service, and other services like it, who rush out on their missions of mercy during the worst raids—and have sometimes found that the "mission of mercy" that has taken them out among the bombs and the ever-falling hail of shrapnel is a drunk who has fallen and cut himself.

Then they stop and fight incendiaries on the way back. They have fought incendiaries that have fallen beside them on their vehicles.

There are the nurses, taking their charges down from the wards to the comparative calm and safety of the basements—and always returning until the last patient has been taken below stairs.

There have been times when they have had to evacuate those basements with bombs dropping all round. They have known the tragedy of seeing well-loved colleagues killed before their eyes.

In the next refuge they have had to smooth hot brows with cool hands, reassure with calm, gentle words—no matter what their own hearts are feeling.

Appointments with Life

There are the women who have always preferred to think in terms of life rather than death—the midwives of Britain.

Bombers cannot break a baby's appointment with life. Always there is a woman there, if she is needed, to introduce them to this world.

You will see them pedalling through a blitz on their bicycles or chugging through on an absurdly lightweight motor-cycle.

Nothing can stop them. Wherever duty calls you into danger, there you will find a woman.

And in the thick, always, is the woman who has no more spectacular a war-job than to carry on her home, which can sometimes be one of the most important of war-time missions.

She is Mrs. Everywoman. Medals rarely come her way. Did they ever in peace-time? But her latent courage is as great as that of her uniformed sisters.

I met three on my way to the office one morning, a few hours after a bad blitz.

Their ages, I suppose, would average seventy.

They had just scratched themselves out of the ruins of a block of cheap tenements.

One had blood on her face. Two had blood on their hands. They were covered with plaster.

One word describes their demeanour: Calm.

They stopped me with the hauteur of women who hate approaching "strange men" in the street, no matter how great the need.

One of them said: "I am awfully sorry to trouble you, sir, but can you tell me where you have to report when you are bombed out?"

Bombed out? I have never heard such chronic understatement. Their place was a ruin.

Their Justification!

One of them added, as if to assure me of their bona-fides: "You see, sir, we are all ratepayers of the Holborn Borough Council.

I took them to the place they sought. They were handed over to an official almost as charming as themselves.

They moved in as coolly as if going to pay their rates.

The last words I heard from them was the statement: "I hope I am not speaking in temper, but I think the Germans ought to feel really ashamed of themselves."

No, this is no new breed of women. These qualities have not come in with the cocktail and the cigarette.

They are such brave women as Britain has always had.

Past wars used to tear their hearts, but it never made such test of them as this.

And the test shows that the hour has produced the woman.

What Ho, Pawnshop!

That was a convoy destroyer's saucy signal to a little boat that once took holiday-makers to the Isle of Wight. Now? She had just routed two Hun bombers before starting her new job.

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY-PHILLIPS

PRIDE of the *Luftwaffe*, three big *Dornier* flying-boat minelayers came sweeping in formation through a sea haze early in the dawn.

Thick weather, favouring their tip-and-run tactics, had enabled them to dodge our Coastal Command patrols.

They had set out in darkness, storm and cloud; they had dodged from one cumulus bank to another; it is pretty easy to slip past watchers when you have all the sky for six miles high to play about in.

So they reached the English shore, fat like blowflies with deadly "eggs."

Like Obscene Birds

Cutting out their engines, they came whistling down on the queasy water, while most of the sea was yet in darkness, and only the east showed pale streaks of an angry dawn.

And there they settled like obscene prehistoric birds. Now and then one would move on with a hoarse whirr of engines, a hundred yards across the water; then it would settle to lay another "egg."

The "eggs" were magnetic mines, each loaded with 800 lb. of devastating high explosive, to be touched off by an internal magnetic needle, operated by the metal in any passing ship's hull. And the place was a vital steam-lane through which pass shiploads of food for Britain every day and night.

Enemy reconnaissance machines had doubtless brought the news that a foodship convoy would pass that way before midday that day.

Presently, a man opened one of the *Dornier* cockpits, waved his hand, and shouted in German. A second machine replied. Presently the third minelayer gave the same signal.

Their job was done. Their huge engines started up. They sped forward across the sea, hydroplaned into the air, took up formation, rose into the driving cloud, and vanished.

No doubt they went home to breakfast, and nearly choked over their sausage and sauerkraut as they thought of the British ships that would hit their mines, and the British merchant sailors who would drown.

A Job of Work

They had counted without their host.

A coastguard had spotted them as they rose. Telephones rang urgently. Radio buzzers sang out staccato messages into the morning sky.

The *Dorniers* never knew it, but two British planes chased after them, too late, unfortunately, to overtake them. Had the pursuit been a little earlier, the rest of this story might never have happened.

Meanwhile, a sturdy old paddle ferryboat was busily getting ready to do a job of work.

Many readers must have been aboard the *Lorna Doone*, for since 1891 she has been running between Southampton and the Isle of Wight, taking holiday-makers to and fro. Generation after generation of children have watched her engines working; some in turn have taken *their* children aboard her.

Not so easy to recognise this old ship in her war paint!

The jaunty white has given place to a duller tint; she carries queer-looking equipment; sinister black balls at the masthead that used to carry gay bunting show that now *H.M. Paddle Minesweeper Lorna Doone* is doing one of the war's most deadly tasks.

They built her to ferry along the Solent, but now she rides out deep-sea gales; and the seamen who used to laugh with the children are doing work now that would win a salute from the salty tars who swarmed at Drake's heels into Cadiz to burn out another invasion scare long ago.

Lorna Doone went paddling along to the place where the *Dorniers* had laid their "eggs."

Every man aboard wore a special cork lifejacket, and every man knew that he carried his life in his hands. But Drake's brood make little of that; danger is as much their daily food as the salt pork and beans they get from the cook's galley.

A couple of hundred miles away certain German airmen were wiping the crumbs off their mouths. They had finished breakfast; it was time to go out and kill something.

Something to Bully

For the mines they had laid had been a trap for more than foodships. It was the hope of these men of the *Luftwaffe* that perhaps they might, if they timed it well, find a little, helpless paddleboat trying to sweep up the cargo of death that would otherwise blow peaceful seamen to blazes.

The three *Dorniers* were rocking on the water. The crews went out to them, climbed aboard, ran up the engines, tested the guns, and took off. The machines climbed into the cloud and headed towards the tiny *Lorna Doone*, methodically doing her job on the roughened sea.

Along the side of the paddleboat, a row of men in steel helmets were levelling rifles at a mine that had come to the surface.

Crack shots, these men; the safety of the ship depends on their accuracy and quickness; ferrymen on a fifty-year-old ferryboat, but ready and willing to take this and other perils all in the day's work.

Crack-crack-crack go the rifles.

A sudden mighty uprush of water, as a big mine explodes—harmlessly.

The paddleboat rocks like a toy ship.

Before the noise has died away another noise melts into it. The Skipper, Temporary Lieutenant Sherrin, lifts his chin like a bulldog.

Alarm bells ring. Three dots in the distant cloud grow into *Dornier* raiders. One imagines the Germans, their goggled faces forward against the glass of the cockpit windows, grinning as they think of the odds in their favour.

Three huge, heavily armed warplanes, with bombs, shell-guns and machine-guns, capable of manœuvring at five miles a minute, able to climb far out of reach of any surface gun, pitted against a half-century old pleasure steamer—and a paddleboat at that.

No wonder they laughed.

They apparently decided to play with their victim like a cat with a half-dead bird. But *Lorna Doone* was not half-dead—that was their mistake.

Once, twice, and again, the three warplanes swept down with a combined scream of engines, as if they would dive-bomb the little ship that was twisting on her course, now, like a rabbit hunted by greyhounds.

She ran a terrible risk, for she might hit a mine, but Sherrin had a plan in his head, and doggedly meant to try it out.

That Annoyed Them

After they had amused themselves for a time, and had their fat German laugh out, one of the *Dorniers* made a more businesslike run up and plopped down a very heavy bomb.

The black object hurtled through the air—but just at the last minute Sherrin put his helm hard over, and the tiny 400-ton vessel nipped aside.

Spray from the explosion splashed her decks—and that was all.

Doubtless the German airmen were surprised and annoyed. Another *Dornier* came roaring down at her. Another big bomb was loosed. Surely that one does the trick?

No! It falls astern and to starboard.

You can almost hear the Germans muttering about "Verdommed Englischer!"

The third *Dornier* tries its hand. It makes a run up, decides that the bomb will miss, wheels round, makes another perfect run up, and lets fly.

The bomb explodes with a tremendous roar, smothering the little ship with water—but doing no harm. There she is, dodging about, jaunty, saucy, ready for more.

And now Sherrin's hope is fulfilled.

His men had not fired a single shot in return. Perhaps the Germans thought the paddleboat minesweeper was unarmed. Perhaps they lost their tempers—like old Brushwhisker when his "patience is exhausted"!

Anyway, the three of them closed up in tight formation and dived down in a stunning crescendo of engines, really meaning to make a job of this petty, insolent, pigmy opponent.

Sherrin made his men hold their fire till it seemed too late—as Drake did when he fought the Great Armada, and Nelson did at Trafalgar.

One of the bombers had released a fourth bomb; then, while it still hung in air, the *Lorna Doone* steadied on her zigzag course, and every gun she had gave answer to those who dared to challenge the Children of the Sea.

Machine-guns from the aircraft were raking her deck, but the whirring rattle from the skies stopped at that volley as if someone had rung down a curtain.

Two of the paddleboat's crew had sprawled down, stricken with bullets; one of them, his blood making a pool on the deck where children used to play, lifted his head and shouted a hoarse cheer that was taken up by other steel-hatted figures all over the boat.

For the leading *Dornier* staggered, flattened out, and rose, with a great tongue of fire flaming like red lace out along its wing, while the machine immediately following it, trying to turn aside so as to avoid ramming its stricken consort, was caught in a burst of bullets and big lumps of silvery metal went spinning off its engine-cowlings and nose.

And then we had a sample of what the German is like when he takes a punch. For the third *Dornier*, unharmed, took to its heels and ignominiously fled, leaving its two damaged pals to save themselves as best they could.

The machine that had been struck in the engines reeled aside and took a course inland. The coastguard who had spotted them earlier that morning saw it pass over the cliffs, flying low, losing height, obviously in bad trouble. It made a sickly turn and headed away to sea again; he said it looked as if it was being flown by a dying man.

Sea Kept its Secrets

There is not a chance in a thousand that it got home. Probably, out at sea, there was a great splash, a flounder, some widening circles—and no more.

The other *Dornier*, the one that was set on fire, was last seen by the men of the *Lorna Doone* making a shallow dive towards the sea, certainly out of control. It dived into the sea haze; almost at once, two heavy explosions came shaking across the rough waves.

The little ship made for the spot, but there was no wreckage. The sea keeps its secrets well.

And so, now that Death had finished its grim rendering of this Ferryboat Serenade, *Lorna Doone* went doggedly back and finished sweeping up those mines.

Prompt to the minute, the destroyer escorting the foodship convoy came fussing up, and, seeing the little pleasure-boat with the three black balls at the masthead, ran up the signal: "What ho, Pawnshop! Anything doing?"

And the *Lorna Doone* answered briefly: "Don't be nervous, dear! Channel cleared; you may proceed."

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And the arrogant pilots of the three raiding Dorniers thought these men of the "Lorna Doone" were half dead!

FOOD PROFITEERS

Rackets and "rings," profiteering and muddles still despoil the nation's larder—and grow worse week by week. There is only one remedy: "JOHN BULL" demands that the Government should apply it at once!

PROFITEERING in food has reached so scandalous a stage that it must be officially tackled at once. There must be no more departmental dawdling.

Like many other people, I am growing heartily tired of Food Ministry phrases such as "The speculators will burn their fingers in the end." or "We shall overcome the difficulties in time."

The only solution is the immediate registration of producers, wholesalers and retailers—a step which would be simple for the Government to take as it already possesses machinery that can be used for the purpose.

Wheel of Graft

Revelations made a fortnight ago by Sir Douglas McCraith, Chairman of the North Midland Price Regulation Committee, about the speculations and profits of "middlemen" were bad enough.

They enfuriated the Ministry of Food, which sought to explain that they had really been discovered by the Ministry itself and should not have been made public.

Sir Douglas McCraith's Committee has now bluntly denied the Ministry's feeble and evasive excuses.

And JOHN BULL proposes to take the matter much further.

All over the country housewives are rightly complaining of retailers' charges—though it must be said that most retailers are just innocent cogs in the huge wheels of Graft continually turning.

The retailers complain, in turn, about the charges made on them by wholesalers, and, as we pass up the scale, the wholesalers complain about the profits made by the "middlemen."

It is a grasping fraternity to be found among this latter class who are mainly responsible for the grave food-price scandal of to-day.

In their vicious circle, goods are changing hands many times, like stocks and shares, without even leaving the warehouse! And all classes of food are involved—fish, fresh fruits, dried fruits, vegetables, jam substitutes, canned foods, unrationed foodstuffs, biscuits and confectionery.

Tinned food, in particular, often passes through the hands of six or seven speculators—the majority of whom were never in the food trade before the war—before reaching the consumer.

£50,000 by Jugglery

One ring of wealthy "pirates," for example, some months ago bought up 50,000 cases of tinned foods. They knew enough about the industry to be able to safely anticipate further jumps in price, so purposely did not allow the goods to reach the market.

Instead, the cases passed from one to another in the little group until to-day,

Major Gwilym Lloyd George, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, told M.P.s that £90,000,000 is spent yearly "to keep the price of food down"

when the price per case is nearly £1 higher, they have made something like £50,000 by secret jugglery among themselves without the goods even leaving their own little circle!

By similar methods other speculators bought up big consignments of canned soup. In one instance a "middlemen" profit of 8s. a dozen tins was made by a manipulation of buying and selling in which seven financiers figured.

Names, Please!

I happen to know that the names of some of these food-price jugglers are in the possession of the Ministry of Food. I ask that they be published with the fullest details of each unholy transaction concerned. And why can't they be prosecuted?

Stewed steak has been retailed to the public at 2s. 6d. a tin, though it was sold by the manufacturer to the first speculator at 1s. 4d. One must allow for the increasing cost of transport, true; but nevertheless six "middlemen" had in the meantime dipped into this stew and skimmed off nearly 100 per cent. profit.

It was the same with a manufacturer's output of canned Irish stew. He sold it to Middleman Number One at 1s. 1½d. a tin, but it had soared to 2s. 2d. by the time it was on the counter for sale. Meat roll, containing a proportion of meat substitute, has been retailed at 2s. 6d. per lb., though obtained originally from the producer at 1s. 2d.

Canned rabbit has been sold in East London shops recently in tins at as much as 4s. 6d. and 5s. Averaging 1½ lb., the manufacturer's original price was in the neighbourhood of 1s. 6d.

Breakfast sausage, which only a few days ago was obtainable at 1s. 6d. per lb., is now fetching 2s. 6d. and more, and cannot be sold for less owing to the scandalous operations of these ruthless food-price jugglers.

Experts in the food industry contend that the Ministry itself is partly the cause of this remarkable state of affairs. Its officials do not make up their minds quickly enough or show sufficient foresight when prices have to be controlled.

When, for instance, they fixed the price for tinned salmon they left practically every other canned fish "line" free. Bartering and bargaining began at once on the part of the speculators, and large stocks of canned pilchards and herrings were bought up and juggled with in the manner I have already described.

Then, when the damage was done, the Ministry fixed the prices for both tinned pilchards and herrings!

The story was recently told of a humble fruiterer who realised soon after the war that there was likely to be a boom in canned foods. He found a man with money to finance him, went about buying up all the goods he could lay his hands upon at the best prices, stored them away, and waited for the prices to jump.

It is alleged that he and his "backer" have made about £100,000 already!

Though it is the "canned foods" section of the industry which is now causing a real flutter in Ministry of Food circles, let me turn to other channels to show you what is going on. Profiteering is rampant in practically every class of food we eat.

Prohibitive Salads

Radishes are 9d. a bunch. Why?

Sweet biscuits, which a little while ago cost 8d. per lb., are now 1s. 4d. or more. Dried fruits, which some traders do not "show" in their shops at all, are bringing fantastic prices. Spring cabbages are being sold at as much as 4d. and 6d. above justifiable prices.

Lettuce, three and four times its normal price, is being dumped on eager housewives at 1s. and 1s. 5d. Sparsely filled baskets of cress have been retailed at 5d. Small cucumbers easily bring 1s. 6d., while some fruiterers will not sell them under 2s. 6d.

And, remember, it is the retailer who is getting the smallest profit of all but hears all the grouses!

Spring onions, which are very plentiful just now, are being sold at 6d. a bunch of a dozen—two a penny, when they used to be freely obtainable at about 1d. a dozen!

Dried cereals are all up in price; and who can afford 1s. for a cauliflower? Oatmeal is getting harder and harder to obtain at reasonable prices, while many uncontrolled varieties of fish are now just out of the question. Mackerel, the cheapest of fish, has been sold lately at 2s. per lb.

Even fruit drink essences, once 10½d. and 1s. a bottle, are now marked at 1s. 11d. and 2s.

Months ago housewives were assuringly told that abundant supplies of boned Argentine beef would be available. Have you seen anything of it?

Expensive Substitutes!

Outrageous charges are being made, too, for ingredients for the making at home of jam and marmalade substitutes. One reader writes to tell me that she was charged 1s. 6d. for 1½ oz. of gelatine, which works out at about 16s. per lb.!

Major Gwilym Lloyd George, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Food, stated the other day that £90,000,000 a year is being spent "to keep the price of food down." Well, that's a lot of money in any case, and makes it all the more obvious why drastic steps will have to be taken to cope with this ugly scandal.

From a recent set of official figures I note that 12,671 prosecutions have been taken against food offenders. Mostly they were only of a trivial character, but even of this number only 2,002 convictions were obtained.

One firm, found to be selling eggs only with fish at 5s. per lb., made a turnover of £5,000 in one deal!

In the North a firm was prosecuted for selling a tin of "roast pork." An analyst's report showed that the bulk of the commodity was a substitute—to the extent of 73.12 per cent.!

A small fine was imposed, but the interesting fact came to light that the pork was originally obtained from the manufacturer at 10d. a tin and was retailed at 1s. 6d.

My recent demands, through JOHN BULL exposures, for a complete overhaul of the Fish Industry seem to be bearing fruit. Last week we were assured that all price racketeering in fish will be over by the end of June. But why "by the end of June"?

There has been too much dawdling in the past. In future the public will not be content to wait so patiently for official action to be taken while their pockets are being burned more and more through the rascality of professional "pirates."

Next week Sir Wyndham will deal with other aspects of this great evil, particularly the growth of a secret "Black Bourse" in which huge profits have been made by private syndicates and "half-commission men."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. N. C. Crane, Ringinglow Road, Sheffield, receives this week's £1 1s. award for some detailed information he supplied concerning the mean frauds of a woman trickster.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor," and write to me about any matter calling for enquiry.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

A WARNING

- **Fishmongers are saying "As soon as fish prices are controlled we won't have any to sell, just as has happened with poultry."**
- **They say that all the supplies will go to hotels and restaurants. This is a sheer ramp which Lord Woolton should take steps to counteract at once.**
- **All the good work Lord Woolton has done as Food Minister—and I have always given him credit for it—is being seriously undermined by the selfishness of some big dealers in whom he places too much faith.**
- **He can make good his threat that he is "on their tails" by making sure NOW that the cheaper fish will reach the shops.**
- **And if he will make it his job to find out where the poultry is going he will find plenty of tails to tread on.**

GIB.'S NEW TRICKS

IF and when Hitler ever decides to try conclusions with Gib.—Gib. is ready. Ready not only to take it, but to hand it out.

Mixture of naval base and garrison fortress, the best brains of both Services—men with practical experience of Hitler's methods—have spared no effort to make the Rock as impregnable as its reputation.

They feel they have succeeded.

Nothing has been left to chance. Neither private interests nor sentiment has been allowed to interfere with their work.

Except for the nursing service, every woman and child has been evacuated. No excuses have been accepted. Now there are no extra mouths to feed, no helpless folk to look after, no unnecessary casualties demanding attention or accommodation.

All men not specifically usable on an emergency job are also being sent away.

Everyone is Ready

Boys of eighteen and under allowed to remain are there because they are doing man-size work in the defence system. Duties of all residents now left have been allocated against emergency, and they have each received full training under all adverse circumstances that can be foreseen.

Extent of man-power holding the Rock is, of course, secret, but we need not worry about its adequacy.

Apart from these hand-picked and trained specialists, Gib. has now been transformed into something new in modern warfare—even for Hitler.

Militarily speaking, the Rock has gone underground. First sign of air attack and all civilians will disappear beneath anything from 300 to 3,000 ft. of solid rock to their appointed stations.

Nor has this rock any "soft core." Highly specialised Canadian hard-rock miners were imported with super-hardened drilling machinery to build this A.R.P. city—it is nothing less—below ground.

Natural caves and tunnels have been cunningly utilised with brilliant engineering skill. Some of the caves are hundreds of feet long and as much as 50 ft. high. Many of the tunnels have been made into first-class roads, some even with pavements.

Everything underground is brilliantly lit and air-conditioned. There are quickly sliding doors and other devices against gas.

Comfortably furnished rest centres, recreation rooms, even a cinema have been provided. A fully equipped hospital is ready staffed against the sound of the first warning. Telephones, with duplicate exchanges, connect every section of the underground city.

Three Years' Stores

There are canteens, too—also underground, like Gib.'s three years' reserves of stores—which can supply hot meals for the whole population at an hour's notice. Cooking, like all other services, is by electricity.

Gib.'s experts have long been aware of the most serious of Nazi menaces—concentrated raids from near-by aerodromes which only allow the minimum or no warning, and possibly combined with "all-in" land and sea attacks by night.

But the A.R.P. city has scores of entrances, and every man knows what to do. Overground Gib. can be underground in forty-five seconds—and within two minutes all posts will be fully manned.

"Attack is the best defence" is Gib.'s motto. It is no secret now that gun emplacements in and beneath the protection of solid rock cover every avenue along which an attack might be launched—especially the sandy isthmus linking Gib. with the Spanish mainland.

Big guns, little guns, automatic guns, mobile guns, and more than a few very quick-firing guns are all ready, each for its own purpose. The men behind them know exactly where to aim.

It does not need much technical knowledge to guess that the land approaches on the isthmus—and the sea approaches—have been suitably mined and trapped against any *panzer* or other attack.

There is no Maginot mentality in Gib. "Tiger" Gort—after his French experience, especially—is sufficient guarantee that there will never be one.

Then there is the Navy. Any attack from the sea on either side would have to face a shattering cross-fire from the Fleet.

Shocks and Surprises

On their side, Nazi "heavies" from hidden emplacements behind La Linea or Algeciras might drop "big 'uns" on the British dockyards and moles, but we have an answer to that. It is, however, still on the secret list.

Parachutists? Attempts at night landing? Grenades and flame-throwers? Dynamite? Our experts have not forgotten their possibilities.

Every section of the three by three-quarter miles of surface Gib. is comparable to a magician's box of tricks with many brand-new shocks and surprises awaiting an invader.

Remember how a special German broadcast recently described the booby-traps we left along the Benghazi road as the most diabolically ingenious they had ever met? Gib. has more and better ones, which have not had to be improvised quickly.

A.A. defences, with the latest guns and some "other devices" are as strong as any in the world. They have another advantage—good protection in that solid Gibraltar rock. Modern hidden lifts bring up ammunition from the vast supplies deep below.

One specially difficult problem has been cleverly solved. The water supply. Ingeniously enlarged catchment areas take rain and stream water into huge underground reservoirs, which keep the water cool, sweet and always abundant.

Meanwhile, Gibraltar, like the magician of old, says little, but keeps on practising her best tricks and learning new ones.

Dr. Guehl on the Move

NEWS comes from Bogota, capital of Colombia, South America, that Dr. Ernst Guehl, one of Germany's foremost cartographers, is there and intends to stay for some time.

* * *

Colombia, right in Panama's backyard, has always been closely linked to the United States, both strategically and economically. Maybe that is the reason why Colombia is called the most democratic country of all the Latin American republics

Dr. Guehl happens to be not only a famous cartographer, but also one of Hitler's invasion experts.

He is the right-hand man of General and Professor Haushofer, chief of the notorious Geo-political Institute in Munich.

Geo-political science is even to-day something like an occult mystery, and in any case it was its inventor, Professor Haushofer, who gave Hitler the idea that Germany was chosen to build a world empire of her own, for reasons of her geo-political position.

The ingenious scientists of the Geo-political Institute are claiming that they can predict the history of the future by studying the "geo-political lines."

When war broke out, Dr. Guehl was suddenly possessed with the burning wish to cartograph Norway. The Norwegians were so flattered that the famous cartographer chose just their country.

Dr. Guehl must have found some of the mysterious "geo-political lines," because a few months later German troops invaded Norway.

* * *

The man who worshipped maps did not rest. He was appointed to be a sort of world traveller in geo-politics, and in this capacity he visited Holland and Belgium. They went the same way as Norway.

Earlier—in 1937—he spent some time in France.

When Hitler's hordes were crossing the Yugoslav frontier Dr. Guehl suddenly appeared in Turkey. From there he has skipped to Colombia.

The United States, now thoroughly awake to Hitler's plotting to dominate the world, can be trusted to keep an eye on the Nazi advance schemer.

Young Huns Taught to be Brutal

LONG before the Nazis publicly clamoured for the return of their colonies, bewildered German parents were asked to give their sons an education that would make them into "good colonial administrators."

Quite a number of German fathers and mothers who accepted this advice were not less surprised to hear that their sons were being trained to be toughs to an extent that was not even expected from a real Stormtrooper.

A carefully selected body of teachers taught these youths to regard the life of a native as worthless.

Boys of seventeen and eighteen learned how to use a whip "quickly and effectively," to develop a stentorian voice that would secure them the respect of "the sub-human inhabitants of the Dark Continent."

Treated Like Animals

Elaborate charts showed the diet on which natives would be able to exist and work at a minimum expenditure.

Doctors were not only trained to deal with tropical diseases, but to decide mercilessly when natives were too old or weak to work so that they could be "exterminated before they became a useless burden to the community."

This school for German colonial experts saw to it that its pupils should know all about the history of German colonial activity. Yet no teacher told the boys that Hitler's historical idols, Frederick the Great and Bismarck, had pronounced strongly against overseas possessions.

Nor did they reveal that Germany, at its peak as a colonial power, had imported from the colonies less than two-thirds per cent. of its total imports and that, when Germany finally entered the race for colonies, it picked only those which had strategical value and menaced French or British overseas possessions or communications.

Guided by Hitler's old friend, General Epp, who had aided and abetted the Nazis in their early Munich days, a shadow colonial organisation sprang up to take over one day where Germany left off when the Great War began.

This organisation left little doubt that the Nazis would return to the old German methods.

Men like General Trotha, the German boss of West Africa, became the new heroes. He was the man responsible for the Herero Massacre.

Kill Every One

Only 15,000 remained of 85,000 of these unfortunate people after the Germans had finished with them. "Make no prisoners," said Trotha. "Kill every one."

Now General von Epp, who has tried to revive this old spirit in young Nazis, to teach them new cruelties to exceed those employed against the Jews, comes out of the shadow as Nazi Germany's first Minister for Colonies.

He does not think merely of "Germany's old colonies which Hitler once hoped to reconquer. The new Nazi Minister aims higher and farther: the whole of Africa, British, French, Belgian, South African possessions; in short, everything is to be Nazified.

Administrators are ready for every job. Colonial police and troops have undergone special training. The Gestapo will, according to Epp's plans, operate in the jungles, whence they derive their conception of law and order, anyway!

ONE YEAR—AND NOW

Length of the war will be reckoned from the time Mr. Churchill became Premier. That is just twelve months ago, and A.G.G., one of the Premier's greatest admirers, makes some important suggestions to meet the perils of the second year.

By A. G. GARDINER.

THE completion of the first year of Mr. Churchill's premiership invites a consideration of his position to-day.

And first let it be said that, whatever happens, nothing can dim the splendour of his service to this nation and to civilisation in this most fateful year.

He came to power in the darkest hour of our history. The whole Continent of Europe was collapsing like a house of cards before the enemy.

Our only ally was at the last gasp. The attempted invasion of this country was a matter of days or weeks.

The British Army was entrapped in Flanders. In the air we were overwhelmingly outnumbered and our home defences were despicable.

In that desperate moment the nation turned as one man to Mr. Churchill. All that he had for years been vainly warning the Government of had come to pass, and now at the eleventh hour he was the nation's one hope.

WHAT HE DID IN THAT CRISIS WILL LIVE IN HISTORY FOR EVER. HE RALLIED THE NATION. HE BANISHED PANIC.

His voice sounded like a trumpet through the land, and he filled all hearts with his own high courage and fearless resolution.

Under his inspiration we saved our Army at Dunkirk. We weathered the terrific blow of the French collapse.

And when the threatened invasion was attempted we astonished the world and shattered the designs of the enemy in the Battle of Britain.

In firing the spirit of the nation and averting the knock-out blow he changed the current of the war.

It was no longer a stampede. It was a war of staying power.

He had given us time—time to collect our resources, time to build up our defences at home, time to raise our armies, time for America to bring her mighty productive power to our aid.

If we compare our position to-day with that of those agonising days of May a year ago we have reason for thankfulness.

We are no longer in the immediate peril in which we stood then.

If invasion comes we know that we can meet it and hurl it back. Our war potential is enormously greater.

We have knocked Italy out in Africa. The Navy's comamnd of the sea is still unchallenged. And the whole resources of the United States are now at our command.

BUT IF THERE IS GROUND FOR THANKFULNESS, THERE IS NONE FOR COMPLACENCY.

Never in Britain's history has one man so completely embodied the courage that is the very soul of our country.

Many of our cities are in ruins, with the consequent reduction in our productive power. The Atlantic life-line is in jeopardy. And Hitler has over-run the Balkans, and is reaching out to the Persian oilfields on the one hand and to the Suez Canal on the other.

IT IS NECESSARY TO FACE THESE FACTS COLDLY AND REALISTICALLY IF WE ARE TO APPRECIATE THE TASK BEFORE US.

I share General Smuts' confidence that while the British fortress survives Hitler cannot win the war, and that in a struggle of endurance the British-speaking world must win.

It must win because its material and moral resources are immeasurably greater than those of the enemy.

BUT to be effective those resources must be brought into play to their fullest capacity with much more speed than has been the case hitherto.

It is not in our power to hasten the pace in the United States. That is being done with splendid energy by Mr. Roosevelt, and it should have a decisive effect on the balance of power before the summer is far advanced.

Nor can we fail to share General Smuts' confidence that the breaking point between the United States and the gangster powers is near.

And with America officially in the war to the bitter end two things would follow.

First, the moral effect on the world would be overpowering. And, second, the Atlantic peril would be ended and the stranglehold of sea power would be ruthlessly tightened.

But if we cannot do anything to force the pace on the other side of the Atlantic, we can do much to force it on this side.

THERE ARE, AS THE DEBATES IN PARLIAMENT ABUNDANTLY SHOW, GRAVE GROUNDS FOR CONCERN IN REGARD TO THE ORGANISATION AND OUTPUT OF OUR WAR MACHINE IN FIELD, FACTORY, WORKSHOP AND MINE.

Here there are bottlenecks that hold up production. There there is congestion due to the maldistribution of labour.

Grit is thrown into the machine by ceaseless conflict over "priorities." This department grabs an undue share regardless of the equally urgent necessities of other departments.

The competitive system is seen at its worst, sometimes because of the employers, sometimes because of the employed.

This journal has already sounded an SOS to the building trade to give us the factories without which the full productive capacity of munitions on which the issue of the war depends cannot be reached.

ALL this, together with the monstrous waste and the scandalous "rackets" in the necessities of life, calls for drastic action at the top—action which will regulate and co-ordinate all the activities of the nation on the basis of a besieged garrison fighting for its existence.

Or take another direction in which we can influence our fate. The scope of the war is expanding. It has passed over the Mediterranean into Africa. It is penetrating into Asia Minor. And beyond Asia Minor is India!

With Germany attacking the Suez to the west of the Indian Ocean and Japan massing her troops on the borders of Burma to the east, the menace to India is imminent.

This is India's hour of destiny as much as ours. If we were to fall she would fall with us. She would be carved up by the Huns and the Japs as unresistingly as a fowl is carved up on the table.

Is it not a fantastic tragedy that with the fate of 400 million people in the balance the vast potentiality of India should not be fully enlisted in the struggle?

IS IT NOT A GRIM COMEDY THAT AT SUCH A TIME BRITAIN AND INDIA SHOULD BE SQUABBLING OVER FORMS OF GOVERNMENT?

How Hitler and Matsuoka must rejoice in the spectacle. I hope to return to this tremendous subject later.

It emphasises the purpose of this article, and I come back to Mr. Churchill and the vast orb of fate that he bears upon his shoulders.

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ARGUE IT OUT

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NOW?

genius, I take the view of those who wish to see that burden lessened and shared.

He is so unquestionably our Man of Destiny that his primacy can never be in doubt.

But that very fact has its dangers. The vicissitudes of life are incalculable. Never more so than now.

And there are few of us who in our secret minds have not asked ourselves a question to which we find no comforting answer.

For Mr. Churchill's personality so dominates his colleagues that it is not easy to recall offhand who they are.

THERE is a perilous situation which should be provided against. In the last war the remedy was found in an inner War Cabinet whose sole function was the larger strategy of the struggle in all its aspects.

If that precedent were followed many of our anxieties would be relieved. We should have in existence a directing power that would live, whoever died.

The ideal constitution of such a body would include the Dominion Premiers, but if that is impossible we have in such Dominion representatives as Mr. S. M. Bruce and Mr. Vincent Massie men of the highest equipment and authority for this momentous task.

AND THROUGH SUCH AN INSTRUMENT WE SHOULD LEAVE MR. CHURCHILL FREE FOR THE GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES THAT BE ALONE CAN FULFIL.

But we should do more. We should have a vehicle by which the Home Front could be consolidated, the obstructions to which I have referred swept away, and such problems as that of India settled out of hand.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHO IS THE OPPOSITION?

● When the National Government was formed, an official Opposition was set up, by consent.

All the Parties in the Government chose people to criticise from those left outside.

But, as these Parties were supporting the Government and members of it, it was obvious that the official opposition was in a difficulty. Its criticisms became tempered with a mellow benevolence.

Soon, I was calling Lees-Smith "Leader of the Proposition."

Within a few months, Parliament itself discovered something was wrong.

As always happens in a Democratic chamber, a Ginger Group came into being. That, to-day, is the real Opposition.

Its most vital member is Emanuel Shinwell, once Minister of Mines. Its most tactful co-ordinator is Clement Davies, K.C., a henchman of Lloyd George, who, when he speaks, is the Opposition's most influential member.

Then there is Lord Winterton, a Tory M.P., Hore-Belisha, once Secretary for War, and Oliver Stanley, who succeeded him. Aneurin Bevan, too, belongs to it.

It is bold and challenging—and it is brilliantly informed.

It is forcing action on a top-heavy Government.

IS HITLER'S GRIP WEAKENING?

● Once, the whole world waited agog with eagerness when the Fuehrer was to address the Reichstag. Now, no one seems to care two hoots whether he speaks or not.

I could never understand why so much attention was paid to Hitler's pre-war speeches in this country. Obviously they were a tissue of lies.

He had boasted in "Mein Kampf" that reiterated untruths would carry conviction if repeated often enough. We knew they betrayed his inner thoughts.

Yet, as though it were a voice from Sinai, Britain listened. We were the dupes of his superb showmanship.

"Why worry about what he *says*?" I used to ask. "What are we going to *do*?"

When, at last, action was forced upon us by his invasion of Poland, his words did not mean anything any more. But, then, to the well-informed, they never did.

CAN SLACKER M.P.s BE STOPPED?

● When, a few days ago, the House was debating whether women should be paid for war injuries on a scale equal to the men, only 30 voted for the motion and 38 against it. This means that over 500 M.P.s either stayed away or abstained from voting!

And to the women of Britain—and they are in the majority of the electorate—it was vital.

Yet, of course, you cannot stop M.P.s from slacking. There are no elections now, unless a Member dies or resigns. The electorate therefore has no control over what M.P.s do.

No doubt, if a sufficient number of women had bombarded their Members with demands that they should vote for the motion, they would have been forced to do so.

It was because of the apathy, or the ignorance, of the women that they did not do so.

M.P.s often have to be driven, and if they do not vote for better conditions, it is the fault of the people who send them there.

WHY IS "POLITICIAN" A BYWORD?

● Years ago, journalists used to be dismissed as "penny-a-liners." Actors were "rogues and vagabonds."

Even to-day, in many minds, the word "politician" means some incompetent ass who, by sheer artfulness, has won his way into prominence.

If more of the public listened to Parliamentary debates or read Hansard, they would realise that, in the bulk, politicians have an amazing knowledge of the world, its problems, its happenings, and its possibilities.

A man who has been the head of three or four Ministries has, whether you dismiss him as a "politician" or not, a more practical knowledge of many departments of commerce than most business men.

In due course, he has to become an expert on a hundred things, for, facing him with acid criticism, there is invariably some man who has known all about it for many years.

The "politicians" of the House include experts on every subject in the world, and as a body they are a microcosm of British thought, wisdom and experience.

If you don't think so, throw your fool out next time. After all, it is up to you.

ARGUE IT OUT

Mascots—from Mayfair to Whitechapel

By PALLAS

IT is no surprise to me that fake fortune-tellers, palmists and other easy-money members of the tribe of mumbo-jumbo are busier to-day than they were before the war.

Always dominating our minds and moulding our lives is the dark, unpredictable future. In its mists are hidden the secrets of our destinies; in it, still to be revealed, are the answers to our hopes and fears.

To-day, as individuals, we live from hour to hour. Some of our friends, "the loved ones and the best," have gone. Some have perished miserably, trapped in flaming buildings, buried under piles of debris, blown into nothingness, literally, by the murderous blast of high-explosive bombs.

It is natural, then, that the cult of mumbo-jumbo flourishes. It lives on the sorrows and anxieties of mothers and wives whose sons and husbands are "missing," after the evacuation of Dunkirk and the withdrawal from Greece.

* * *

Over the seven seas sail the navies and merchantmen of Britain. Their ships are constantly in danger. The men who man them look into the face of Death as the vital Battle of the Atlantic is waged against Hun killers of air and sea.

Who can blame the people that seek to know the fate of those facing such perils? Who shall accuse them of stupidity, of ignorance—when all they seek is some comfort of the spirit?

* * *

Let who will cast the first stone. From the palmist to popular superstition is no far cry. Many intelligent men and women who scorn the activities of the mumbo-jumbo tribe are themselves the hide-bound victims of superstition.

I doubt if a small fraction of 1 per cent. of Britain's population is free from a sneaking belief in the truth of superstitions.

Watch the people step aside to avoid walking under ladders; count those among your friends and acquaintances who talk of their "lucky" days, "lucky" numbers, "lucky" colours.

Superstition riddles the stage. Whistling back stage on a first night is supposed to doom a play to failure; but whistling at sea in the old days of sail was supposed to bring wind on a calm day.

It's no use trying to reform the superstitious or kill superstitions. The latter have their roots deep in antiquity. With the growth of knowledge and the supposed enlightenment of mankind those roots may not be so firm as they once were.

And yet perhaps I'm wrong. The number of people who carry mascots with them is legion. And what is a mascot but a charm, a talisman, a tribute to mumbo-jumbo?

* * *

Mascots fly in our bombers and fighters; they go into ocean depths in submarines; they travel the world in warships and merchantmen.

You'll find them dangling from the key-rings of staid, respectable churchmen; you'll find them in women's handbags from Mayfair to Whitechapel; wherever people gamble, whether with cards, dice, or the roulette ball, there too will be mascots.

I know a man who, whenever he plays poker or, for that matter, any game of chance, always arranges his coins tails uppermost. His little tribute to the goddess of chance does not seem to affect much the outcome of the game.

* * *

Mascots are a harmless form of mumbo-jumbo. They please the owners and don't injure others. But the tale is different when one considers the betrayal of men and women by those who profess to read the future.

To make money out of the mental torments of grief and fear is a despicable thing. Yet the evil survives. It will continue to survive so long as the weaknesses of the spirit exist.

But such weaknesses are happily only those of individuals This embattled nation to-day looks over the whole wide horizon of the world battlefield

It does so with a profound and steadfast courage. Over the dark horizon, beyond the clouds of uncertainty that dim the view, is the yet unseen light that will herald the coming of victory.

The nation knows that light is there. When its radiant brightness floods the world it will light us the way to a future of beauty, peace and serenity.

Mother doesn't "Scout" any more!

She's discovered Weetabix—the British made nutty-flavoured cereal which is so good for promoting fine, firm teeth, sturdy limbs and healthy bodies. Made from sun-ripened wheat, containing the essential Vitamin B1, and the vital mineral salts of the whole wheat berry.

This delicious and sustaining food, for young and old alike, can be eaten dry, served with hot or cold milk, spread with jam, marmalade, fish or meat pastes, sardines and other savouries at any hour of the day. Always ready. No waste.

Weetabix

More than a Breakfast Food!

Standard Size 7½d.
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How to detect it—
How to prevent it

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing ★'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective anti-acid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10½d. (including Purchase Tax). Sold Everywhere.

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Women are extra careful about their fine wash now. They're using Persil, and nothing but Persil, because they know it's *safe*. Persil to keep woollens snug and soft. Persil to keep colours at their brightest. Persil to make sure that delicate silks come out like new. It's the oxygen in Persil which gives it such a gentle yet thorough action. Persil is 'the amazing oxygen washer.' *Use Persil always! And if ever you meet with difficulties in washing, drying, ironing or finishing, Mrs. Holiday—Persil's washing expert—will help you, free. Write to the Persil Home Washing Bureau, Warrington, Lancs.*

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PUFFINESS . . . | AND LUMBAGO

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IF more people were aware that poisonous wastes which would injure health must constantly be filtered out of the blood by the kidneys, there would be better understanding of why the whole body suffers when kidney action lags. Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills would be taken before the trouble grew worse.

Burning, scanty or too frequent urination may be a warning of disturbed kidney function. You may suffer nagging backache, rheumatic pains, persistent headache, attacks of giddiness, getting up at nights, swellings, puffiness under the eyes.

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Ask for DOANS, 1/5, 3/5, 5/8 (Inc. Tax)

PROPAX

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antidote to pain

Propax does more than kill your pain; it cleanses your system of the poisons that cause it. Works wonders for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds and nervepains; can't hurt heart or digestion.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists 1/5 & 2/6

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY . . . By WILL SCOTT

FORTUNE LAUGHS

IT was the most peculiar communication I had ever received in all my thirty years as a solicitor. What made it the more remarkable was that it was from a man I had not even met.

It ran:

Mr. Glover, solicitor.

Dear Sir,

All right, you cod-faced hog. I'll be seeing you. Tuesday next at ten o'clock. I'm getting leave.

My sympathies to your wife, if you've got one, which would surprise me.

Yours truly,
J. Twine.

Astonishment is not the word to describe my reception of the thing. At first, indeed, I simply did not believe it.

I had to read the letter three times before I was satisfied that it was a letter, that it was a letter to me and that the postman had just brought it.

And when I was satisfied, indignation took the place of astonishment.

"A more disgraceful letter it would be scarcely possible to receive," I assured myself. "Very well; I will prepare a warm reception for Mr. Twine if he does dare to show his face inside my office on Tuesday next!"

It had come about, and the offensive Mr. Twine had come into my life, in this manner:

A few months earlier a very old man giving the name of Nathaniel Twine had called for assistance in the drawing up of a will. He certainly did not look as if he was long for this earth.

"I have recently had a bit of luck," he explained, "and I've now got, altogether, a little over a hundred pounds. Which is quite a fortune!"

He peered at me when he said this, and, of course, I agreed.

Well, it appeared that he had only one relation in the world, a nephew of about thirty-eight named Johnny Twine, whom he had not seen for many years. And Johnny was now in the Army.

Johnny, his aged uncle was at pains to impress on me, was a simple and ignorant countryman, who was far more at home in the company of horses than men, and who had led a roving, semi-gipsy kind of life until the war swept him into its net.

"This," said old Nathaniel, "will be a very great surprise to Johnny, and I want to make sure of it, so that nothing goes wrong. And I don't want him to know anything about it until I've gone."

Well, I was able to "make sure of it" for him to his satisfaction, and when everything was properly drawn up and in order he shook hands, thanked me profusely and went away, leaving with me Johnny Twine's address for the time when I should have to get in touch with him.

THREE or four months later came the news of old Nathaniel's death, and I lost no time in getting in touch with nephew Johnny.

I wrote to him asking him in his turn to get in touch with me, or, if he could manage to do so, to pay me an early visit.

And the reply I got to that was the letter I have given above.

Had I been able to do so I would have washed my hands of Mr. Johnny Twine there and then.

I had never in all my professional career been so insulted. A simple and ignorant countryman Johnny might be, but there seemed to be not much doubt that in his own estimation he was the life and soul of the party.

On the following Tuesday, at ten o'clock, I was prepared for the very worst.

Well, ten o'clock came and Johnny Twine didn't. A quarter-past-ten and I was still alone.

I had so worked myself up in readiness for my reception of him that I was unable to turn my mind to other duties. I sat and waited, tapping my rage into the blotting-pad. At half-past-ten I was pacing up and down. At a quarter-to-eleven I was fuming.

His eyes were dull, his hair was a shock, his mouth drooped. And his uniform was the untidiest thing I have ever seen on a soldier

AND at eleven o'clock, to the minute, Mr. Johnny Twine arrived.

The late Nathaniel had certainly tried to prepare me, but whatever I was ready for, Johnny Twine was 100 per cent. *worse*.

His eyes were dull, his hair was a shock, his mouth drooped. And his uniform was the untidiest thing I have ever seen on a soldier.

In one word, he was a *turnip*.

Still, that was no excuse.

"Mr. Twine," I said severely, "you have kept me waiting a whole hour."

He stared, his mouth dropping wider open than ever.

"Just eleven," he said. "It just struck. I asked policeman, an' e' said it were just eleven."

"But you said in your letter *ten* o'clock."

He looked as if he'd suddenly walked into a fog bank.

"Eleven," said he.

"Ten!" said I. "I have your letter here."

"Damn 'em!" said he. "I asked for 'em to put eleven. You can't trust nobody."

This required a bit of explanation, so I asked for one quickly, and got one I didn't expect.

"You see, mister," said Johnny Twine, "I can't neither read nor write, so I 'as to get the chaps to do my letters for me.'

I took a deep breath. So *that* was it! Not Johnny Twine, simple and ignorant countryman, had framed that abominable letter, but the "chaps" on whom in his ignorance he depended.

If all his letters were similarly drafted, who knew what mountains of trouble might not be piling up for Johnny in all corners of the kingdom.

I was suddenly very sorry for the poor fellow.

"A mean lot, drat 'em!" he exclaimed. "They charges me a tanner each time, 'cos I can't do it myself, an' then they puts the wrong time in."

And other things as well as the wrong time! And a charge of sixpence into the bargain! I felt more indignant for Johnny than even he seemed to be for himself.

"The meanest lot o' chaps in our camp you'd find anywhere," he informed me. "Never stand you a drink, never give you a fag, nothing. And a tanner for every letter they do for you. But what can you do?"

I wondered, and I kept on wondering. . . .

But to save time (of which an hour had gone) I came down to brass tacks and told him of the good luck that had come to him through the death of his uncle.

It was as if I had stunned him with a mallet.

"A hundred pounds!" he cried.

"Quite that," said I, "when all charges are paid."

He began to grin.

"A hundred pounds all for me?"

"All for you, Mr. Twine."

"Why," said he, "it's a fortune!"

The very word, you see, his old uncle had used.

"A fortune!"

"It must certainly seem so," I nodded, "if you've never had a hundred pounds before."

"Never had a hundred pence!" said Johnny.

So, after the revelation about the "chaps" at his camp, I gave him a bit of advice, and he agreed to let me bank the money for him against the time when he should leave the Army and return to such civil life as was his.

"Do I get it," he asked, "*now*?"

No, I told him; it would still take a week or two and there would be papers to sign before the "fortune" was actually his.

"But I will write to you," I said, "and let you know. Only one more visit here will be necessary, then everything will be yours. And I trust it will bring you a great deal of luck."

He shuffled to the door, wagging his head.

"A fortune!" he kept saying. "That's what it is—a fortune!"

WHEN he had gone I sat for five or ten minutes thinking about him. I was really sorry for him.

Simple—in fact, to the wide world a fool—a butt for all the "chaps" in the camp, who preyed on him and gave nothing in return, it was a wonder he was allowed to keep a penny in his pocket.

I wanted to do something for him if I could. But how?

A week or two later I saw a way. The chaps read all his letters, of course. Very well!

I wrote to him and asked him to make an early appointment to meet me again at my office, if the necessary leave could be arranged, when, I said, "the final formalities in regard to your inheritance of your late uncle's fortune can be disposed of."

"Your late uncle's fortune. . . ."

Fortune.

After all, it *was*, to him. The very word he had used himself. The very word his uncle had used.

And who was to know that it was but a hundred pounds? I had warned him to keep his mouth closed.

Three days later I received a reply:

Mr. Glover, solicitor.

Dear Sir,

O.K., Toots. Hold the fort, and don't go on the soak with what don't belong to you. I'm damned if you look straight, but I've got to trust you.

I'll be with you Friday. Three o'clock. Love to your old dutch, poor woman!

Yours truly,
J. Twine.

HE arrived on the Friday at *two* o'clock, all smiles.

"You seem cheerful," said I.

"Oh, everything's fine!" said he. "Why, even the chaps at the camp. I don't know what's happened, but they're all different.

"Packets o' fags all day, and they just won't let me buy a pint. I'm livin' on the land, I can tell you.

"Nothin' they don't want to do for me. In fact, they're a real good bunch o' chaps."

"Strange," said I, stroking my chin. "Now I wonder what's the meaning of that?"

What do I do...

if I want to volunteer for R.A.F. flying duties?

If I am 17½ but not yet 33, I get the address of the nearest Combined Recruiting Centre from any Employment Exchange.

If I am 17½ but not yet 31, and am considered suitable but need tuition to pass the necessary tests, I can be coached in my spare time near my home and at the Air Ministry's expense.

If I am in a Reserved Occupation, yet want to volunteer, I enquire at the Recruiting Centre, or write to the Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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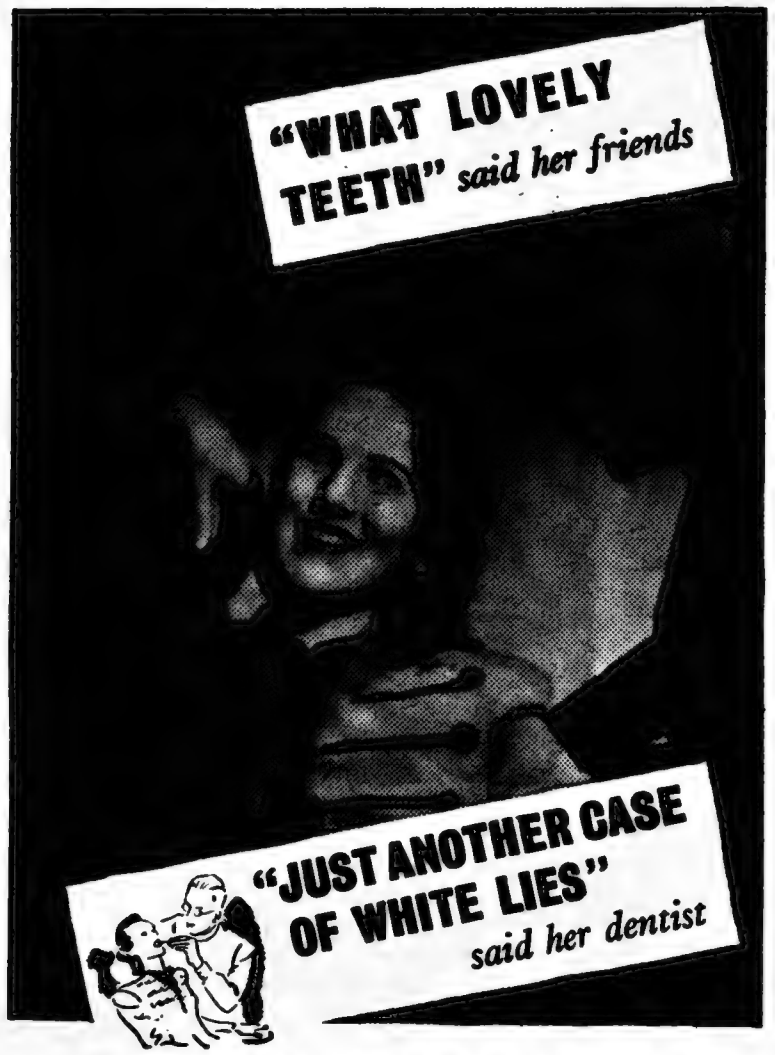

Here's a young lady so proud of her teeth, but what a shock when the dentist discovered ugly tartar behind them! She'd no idea her teeth were "white lies"! However, she used Solidox from then on and soon the tartar was loosened and completely removed. Solidox is the only toothpaste to contain Ricinosulphate, the wonderful ingredient which gets rid of tartar. By keeping your teeth tartar-free Solidox helps to keep them sound and healthy.

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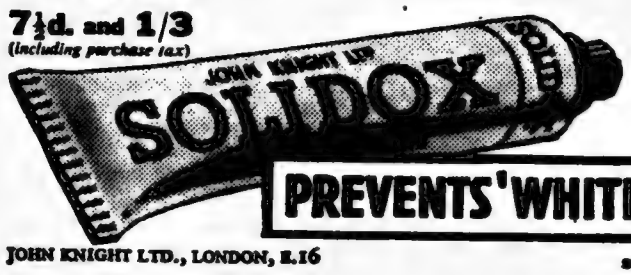

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A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief

What would you give to be *really* cured of those torturing Piles? To find protrusions growing less and less until they finally disappear, never to torment you again? A doctor's formula brings this relief within the reach of every sufferer. The Magic Brand Pile Cure positively heals, even when piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Surgical methods are both unnecessary and unwise. If your life is being made miserable by this distressing complaint, be persuaded to try the Magic Pile Cure. The first application will stop pain and irritation almost instantly. The alarming loss of blood is arrested, swelling and inflammation gradually die down, and the piles are soothed and healed in a way that seems miraculous.

If you have never tried this wonderful remedy, do so without delay.

FREE SAMPLE, gladly sent on request to Magic Laboratories, M.H.29, New Court, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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WHH/41.

Open up for MALTESERS

Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides.

Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D ALSO IN 7D BOXES

See how Andrews refreshes & purifies:

FIRST . . . Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

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THEN . . . Andrews tones up the liver and corrects biliousness.

FINALLY . . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. Prices: 10½d. and 1/6½d. including Govt. purchase tax.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

1508

HUMANIST, answering a woman concerned about the scared attitude of her friend, points out that people who cling tenaciously to life are usually filled with

FOOLISH FEARS

THERE is a streak of cowardice in most of us. A streak of heroism too.

A man who is fearless in battle may go into a "blue funk" about visiting the dentist. He would rather remove an unexploded bomb than address a meeting.

The woman who will face an operation without a tremor may be terrified by the most harmless little spider.

For an example of unreasonable fear, just read this letter from a young woman:

Can anything be done for a girl friend of mine who goes through life in a state of perpetual scare? She is healthy and intelligent, but she exasperates me by her long list of fears.

If we go for a country walk she dare not go into a field because there are cows in it. She dare not sit on the grass for fear of its being damp.

She is afraid to stand under a tree in case lightning comes; afraid to bathe in the sea because she might be carried away by currents.

The things she is afraid to eat would fill a page.

Rhubarb is bad for rheumatism; watercress might give her typhoid; tinned food might cause ptomaine poisoning; mushrooms might be deadly toadstools.

She is afraid of men.

If only she could pack all her fears into one large bundle and drop them overboard! But she clings to them as if they were precious.

Isn't it possible to do something for a girl like that?

She is missing the best in life and she is only twenty-five. But she won't listen to my scolding.

Argument is useless because the fears are unreasoned. The girl knows they are absurd, but the knowledge does not dispel them.

Her attitude to life is false. She clings too hard!

The ivy that clings too hard to the tree contrives to kill the very thing by which it is sustained.

The very people who seem to have little to live for are often desperately anxious to hold on to it. They will risk nothing and therefore have no adventures.

One always counsels prudence, of course, but it is rather dull to be wise all the time.

The woman who will face an operation without fear may be terrified by the most harmless little spider

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

There are days when there comes an impulse to fling one's bonnet over the windmill!

The late Lord Lloyd urged that British schoolboys should be encouraged to adopt the spirit of devil-may-care.

His own experience had taught him the importance of taking a big gamble occasionally.

Perhaps I shall be reproved by some of my readers for advocating a policy of risk.

Well, blame the Spring sunshine!

MY next letter, too, comes from a woman.

We should be very happy in our family if it were not for my husband's treatment of our son.

He is a fine boy, good natured, and regarded with affection by everybody else. But his own father calls him a "mutt," and won't realise that he is no longer a schoolboy.

To cut the story short, the father's jeers and criticisms have driven the young man away from home.

When the mother was cleaning his bedroom she found a note addressed to his father about which she wants my opinion.

Here is an extract typical of the rest:

"First of all, your temper. You have not enough will-power to keep this in check; and when it breaks out, woe betide the person you vent it on!

"Your face turns livid and your eyes nearly pop out of your head. You shout at the top of your voice and say cruel things which you don't mean at all and afterwards don't remember saying.

"But the damage is done.

"Every time you fly into a rage, often unjustified, you drift a little farther from those you love.

"Try and remember this when you feel yourself giving way to your poison tongue.

"You are selfish, too, in some ways. When you enter the house you expect everything to stop for you.

"You are the boss and can't forget it.

"Didn't you ever do anything wrong when you were a boy? One would think you never did to judge by your talk. But you did, as I know well enough.

"Why are you so annoyed when I return home at 10 o'clock on one evening in the week?

"And why do you grumble at mother so much when you know perfectly well that she is often ill and needs a little sympathy?

"If you can give a satisfactory answer to that I'll give you a medal and a pension.

"By this time I expect you are as red as the proverbial beetroot—so I'll lay off."

The letter was signed "Your loving son."

I VERY much doubt whether the boy ever intended giving the letter to his father. He must have written it when he was particularly hurt, and the expression relieved his feelings.

I imagine a good many boys have felt similar emotions at times.

A tyrannical father must know that his displays of temper arouse the most bitter resentment, but he may not realise how ridiculous he makes himself look in the eyes of his family.

Flying into a rage is not the sign of a strong character. It is really a confession of a sense of frustration.

Oddly, the next letter I pick up is on the same subject. It comes from the father of a five-year-old boy.

Whenever Jimmy can't get his own way he springs into a most violent temper—yelling, kicking, punching, getting purple in the face, throwing things about!

It is really alarming to watch him.

I am even-tempered myself and my wife is not easily provoked. The boy has never seen either of us in a tantrum.

I don't know whether it is inherited or not, but what I do want your advice about is how we should treat these displays of paddy.

They seem to get worse as he gets older.

There are two things to be said. The first is that the parents should not appear in the least impressed or distressed by a fit of tantrums.

Either ignore the child till he gets over it or put him out of the room.

A remark like "You do look a silly boy!" said half-laughingly often has a good effect.

The second is that the boy should not be allowed to profit by his paddy. I fancy Jimmy has won by this method in the past; otherwise it would not be getting worse.

If he finds that a paddy pays he will naturally resort to it. He will grow up a bad-tempered man and continue his infantile tricks when he is in charge of an office.

Most of us, unfortunately, know that sort of person!

OUR PART

THE most we can do, and the least we can do, is to do the best that we can, for in God's Hand lies life's outcome, in Heaven is His Master Plan, which if we could only see it, all this suffering would then be explained, showing us how world freedom can and will be attained.

THE most we can do, and the least we can do, is to face up to duty severe, whether it takes us far from home or whether it lies quite near, whether it calls for sacrifice which we never thought to meet, but until our duty is done, God's Plan will be incomplete.

THE most we can do, and the least we can do, is to keep our faith serene, so that disaster and tragedy which is part of war's cruel routine hinders us not one atom in our freedom-building crusade, even though through death's valley some of us have to wade.

THE most we can do, and the least we can do, is to realise in our heart, that by doing what we know is right we're fulfilling each obscure part of that gigantic pattern for peace which is folded beneath God's Hand, waiting to be outspread upon every living land.

THE most we can do, and the least we can do, is to bear each shattering trial with the fortitude that touches Life with the soul's great glorious smile, and to know that whatever happens to us in this moulding of freedom's birth, it will have given us all our chance to show how much we're really worth.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

● **Lance-Corporal Harrison, who is thirty-one, returned two years ago from India after completing eight years' service.**

Called from the Reserve when the present war broke out, he served with the Seaforth Highlanders in France and Belgium. Wounded in action, he has since been compelled to lose his left arm.

He is now desperately anxious to secure work at a living wage, so that he may support his wife and two little children, Margaret and Anne.

The reference before us states that he can work hard, has a pleasant manner, is well educated, honest and sober, and can be recommended for a position of responsibility.

Meanwhile, this Dunkirk survivor is trying to keep his wife and family on 37s. a week.

Will you send something to help him until he is able to get work? Donations should be earmarked "Dunkirk" and sent to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

Let's look up and smile . . .

Keep smiling! It's a duty to-day. And a duty to take care of your teeth. So take no chances with tooth-pastes which use abrasives to secure whitening. They injure the thin enamel coating which prevents decay. Put yours to the trial. Grind a little between your front teeth. If you detect any gritty feeling, change to Odol. All Dentists know Odol is absolutely free from grit, yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder, cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Keep the winning

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d.
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

Smile!

WAR SAVINGS CAMPAIGN

Take your change in Savings Stamps

How can I do that?
Shops which display the yellow and blue diamond sign are Honorary Official Agents for National Savings Stamps. They can sell you Savings Stamps costing 6d. or 2/6 each.

Where else can I buy these stamps?
From Post Offices, Trustee Savings Banks and from Savings Groups.

What do I do with the stamps?
You stick them in a Stamp Book, which is supplied free where you buy your stamps. You can use them in three ways — (1) to make deposits in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks, (2) to buy Savings Certificates costing 15/- each, or (3) to purchase 3% Defence Bonds at £5. Each of these investments gives you a good rate of interest.

Does my little bit of Saving help the war effort?
Definitely yes! Every penny saved and loaned to the Government strengthens the Country's resources and helps to win the war.

NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMPS

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

WINDOWS BRILLIANT 3 TIMES QUICKER

I SHAKE SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
APPLY LIGHTLY TO WINDOW—NO HARD RUBBING IS NECESSARY
ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY—THEN GIVE A QUICK POLISH WITH A DRY DUSTER

No water to splash carpets—no hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy—removes grease and fly-marks—gives a lasting gloss. It's economical, too—a 6d. tin cleans over 200 square feet of glass! Get a tin from your grocer or ironmonger and use it on your windows and mirrors.

6d., 6d. and 1/- a tin

Bluebell Polish Co., London, W.C.1 (Reckitt & Sons)

Windolene
CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

Have a CAPSTAN — they're blended better

It is now more than ever necessary to empty your pocket at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

15 FOR 20 9 FOR 10

W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LTD. C.C.49/7

Pains in Back Gone in 3 Hours

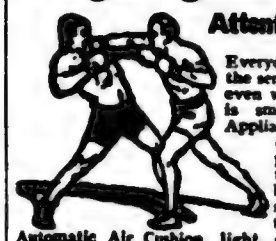
If you suffer terrible sharp pains or dull wearing down aches in back or sides, you can't get rid of these with ordinary medicines because you must kill the germs in your kidneys. Other symptoms of Kidney and Bladder Disorders are Scanty, Frequent and Painful Passages, Getting up Nights, Leg Pains, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes & Rheumatism, poor Appetite & Energy, Swollen Ankles, etc.—Cystex—ends these troubles by removing the cause—and starts benefits in 2 hours and completely stops troubles in 5 days. Get Cystex from Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors or any Chemist. 1/3, 3/- and 6/- (Plus Tax) on Guarantee to put you right or your money back. Act now! The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex
The GUARANTEED Remedy

FOR KIDNEYS, BLADDER, RHEUMATISM

A Fight Against Rupture

Attention v. Neglect



Everyone should realise the seriousness of Rupture, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for Rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries.

Your name and address pinned to this advertisement will bring complete details of our 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL plan in plain sealed envelope. No need to write a letter.

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD.
(S42F) 89, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.
(S42F) Hilton Chambers, Hilton Street, Stevenson Square, Manchester, 1.

½d. PER GALLON

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral applied in liquid form will make good this loss in six hours. Results will be obvious in ten days!

Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES
THIS YEAR—USE

SANGRAL

TEN-DAY FERTILISER
6d., 1/6, 3/- & 5/- sold everywhere
LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL

Voice of the People

NOT far from here, at Costock, Notts, lives Police - Constable Marshall.

He believes that if a policeman teaches local boys the right way of living, he won't have to waste time chasing them.

He is responsible for the first-aid training of the village boys; hopes to form a swimming class; is the moving force behind their scouting.

If there is to be a new order in Britain, a new social system that will start right from the beginning and not be a patched-up version of the old, the nation will have much to learn from Police-Constable Marshall.—William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leicestershire.

Houses First

Personally, I don't feel happy about our determination to rebuild famous buildings.

First need is to assure that when this war is over people have decent homes to live in with no shortage to encourage rent profiteers.

The best way of assuring beauty is to see that squalor and bad housing conditions disappear.

Then, from decent homes, we can watch the rebuilding of the other places.—G. Puddick, Osbourne Terrace, Luddenden Foot, Yorks.

Neglected Riches

There is a shortage of fertilisers—and also certain medicines.

Yet natural springs containing all the properties required are running to waste to the extent of millions of gallons an hour.

There are two near here.

The waters of one have a saline content of 37.99 per cent. (iron, lime, magnesia, potash, soda, etc.); the waters of the other 17.35 per cent., including carbonate of lime, sulphate of potash, sulphate of soda and chloride of sodium.

We are not short of much in this country. We just won't utilise our own resources properly.—William Reay, Pont Street, Ashington, Northumberland.

Stop Smoking, Girls?

About this cigarette shortage—surely women could give up smoking for the duration. They are newcomers to the business anyhow, and don't look as though they really enjoy them.

They probably don't realise what a comfort a smoke is to a chap away from home.

I know a lot of men who would appreciate their sacrifice.—J. B., West Drayton Road, Hillingdon Heath, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

Women are sharing the work and dangers of this war. They have every right to share any pleasures there are.

Crazy Corporation

No civilian can approach our local park because, being near the sea, it is cut off from the world by barbed wire.

Yet the Corporation has eight trained gardeners planting flowers in it.

The soldiers have no interest in it. They are kept too busy. Anyhow, they'd rather spend their off-duty hours as far away as possible from their duties.

So why flowers? Why not cabbages?—Miss A. G. Smith (address withheld for obvious reasons).

Going Straight

No want of money makes me write this letter to you. It is merely to show what a little loving kindness can do for a fellow.

I served in the last war. Unemployed, I sank into the West End underworld, where they'll still remember me as "Boxer Brown."

Served several terms of imprisonment. Was at Dartmoor when the mutiny broke out. Was tried for mutiny.

Discharged, I slept under hedges. Got job. War broke out. It became a good war job. Became warden as well.

My letter-box clicked. A grand letter from Captain Clayton, my prison governor, which I enclose. It made me say more determinedly than ever: "With God's help I shall always go straight."

Please return the letter. I value it tremendously.—(Name and address given for publication, but we think it best to withhold it.)

Ration Vamps

May I disagree with the reader who thinks it "unfair" that a local food office should use a pretty woman as a decoy in trapping a butcher into selling meat without coupons.

We might have some sympathy for the man who makes a special concession—even an illegal one—on behalf of some poor old soul who hasn't a pretty face.

I have none for the kind who will rob such old folk to give more than a fair share to some young thing with allure.—William Paterson, Stamperland Hill, Clarkston, Renfrewshire.

Equal Shares

"First come, first served," is not the fairest rule for grocers to observe in war time, as one of your readers seems to suppose.

It leaves the sick and the old-age pensioners—who can rarely be first in any rush—unprovided with the unrationed things that come our way.

You are left with the old problem of the people with money getting the most of everything—because people with money are likely to be oftenest in your shop.

No, the real fair way is to take a list of your regular customers and allocate whatever you have got without any consideration for status, frequency of visit or anything else.—Grocer, Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Points for Victory

Teach every man in the country to fire three or four different kinds of gun.

Have armoured transport available for every man.

Ensure that, if an emergency arises, every man will fit into the scheme of things.

See that every man called into Active Service is an all-rounder.

THEN—burn all your rifles. They are extinct as bows and arrows, and merely an encouragement to officers to keep their men at useless cleaning and drilling.

Stop silly barrack routine. And spit-and-polish. Let every man feel that he has got to work while there is a chance—and fight when it becomes necessary.

We'll soon win then.—J. W. H., Carey Street, Fulford Road, York.

We're at It Again

Captured by the Germans, my son escaped and has made his way to Britain *via* occupied France.

In a deserted house in one of the occupied villages, he was fortunate to find a copy of JOHN BULL for the year 1915.

It had been a long time since he had read his own language. The paper cheered him up in a very dark hour.

And, appropriately enough, one of the most invigorating articles in it bore the title "Fighting for Victory."—Mr. G. Donaldson, Cherry Bank, Perth, Scotland.

Field Cookery

People without gardens will find that the fields and hedgerows are only too willing to be their greengrocer at this time of the year.

The leaves are tender just now, and well worth the gathering.

Try corn salad, dandelion, lady's smock, nettles, salad burnet, fennel, ground elder and the others. The cookery books will tell you how delightfully you can use them.—Miss J. Wighton, Trades Lane, Coupar Angus, Perthshire.

Unfortunately, people who can't get gardens can't reach the hedgerows, as a rule, to find lady's smock and the rest.

Diggers Go Short

If you obey the official advice to "Dig for Victory," there's no need for you to visit the greengrocer when there's no fruit about.

Then, when a pile of oranges appears in the shop, you are told on applying for a pound that only regular customers can be served.

I know—because I have just had this experience.

Oranges should go to the children and to invalids—not to people who are too lazy to turn a spade.—Mrs. L. Giddens, Wick End Cottage, Stagsden, near Bedford.

We agree. What is the good of fairness with the few rationed commodities when distribution of the far greater number of unrationed foods is muddled and unfair?

Tinned Water

If anyone cares to look at analyses of different foods, one reads that they contain 60, 70 and even 95 per cent. water.

Even in war time, with so little cargo space available for imported foodstuffs, we continue to import water in big quantities.

We should devote all such space to concentrates, sun-dried foods—goods that are 100 per cent. carbo-hydrate, protein, etc.

At all costs don't import tinned fruits—consisting of fruit which is nearly all water floating in a liquid which is certainly all water.—R. R. S., Epsom, Surrey.

Ministry of Food more and more tends to this policy.

Youngest Team of War-Workers

"JOHN BULL" wonders who is the youngest war worker. I send a photograph of the youngest team of war-workers.

They have made small trousers out of big for the local evacuees (who still don't seem to appreciate a tree's capacity for tearing clothes).

And they are members of a bigger team, boys included, that knitted 150 garments for local lads and others in the first winter of the war, 136 for A.F.S. and hospitals last winter.

One boy collected 10s. for wool by exhibiting a giant marrow.

Effie, on the right, only turned six in July last, yet did splendid work in the first months of the war.

I write as a proud teacher at their school, Hook Council School, near Basingstoke, in the hope of getting another 10s. 6d. to buy them wool.—Miss Betty Green, Sunnyside, Hook.

They make trousers for the rip-stitch lads from the big city

It will be a guinea, for we are using photograph, too.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

HERTFORDSHIRE AND BEDFORDSHIRE EXPRESS:—"... was alleged to have twisted the NOISE of and punched a builder."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"A special military mission, headed by members of the High Command of the German Army, has left Berlin by air FROM Sofia."

CAMBRIDGESHIRE TIMES:—"The ELECTRICAL roll of the church is now under revision."

LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"Two people were killed and four or five injured in the Midlands when a shelter was hit in a SOUTH WALES town."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"FARES were dropped; some of them 'chandeliers.'"

SUNDAY CHRONICLE:—"Germany has left Italy in the LUNCH over oil."

SHEFFIELD TELEGRAPH AND INDEPENDENT:—"Dip up and down in the soapy water, rinse well, adding a little salt or borax to the last WINTER."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"A programme of extending AIR in the form of food ... is to be drawn up."

THE STAR:—"The bench decided to FIND C—— forty shillings."

This is Your feature a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

It's True! My PAIN VANISHED For 2½d

I didn't believe that pain could be ended so swiftly and completely. But a Beecham Powder has convinced me. And it cost only 2½d! You, too, can end your suffering for only 2½d. —PRICELESS RELIEF at a price you can afford! Beecham Powders are QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results owing to their special powder form. They act like magic in ending stabbing NEURALGIA PAINS, HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC TWINGES, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA. They are a wonderful pick-me-up when you are Fatigued, Tired Out, Nervy or Depressed! Get a supply NOW!

The Quicker Acting Remedy for HEADACHES RHEUMATISM FATIGUE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION NEURALGIA HAY FEVER COLDS, CHILLS FEVERISHNESS

Carton of 8 Powders 1/5. (Including Purchase Tax). Single Powders 2½d each. A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2½ EACH

I'M NOT JOKING, AMY! IT'S NO FUN TO BE A WALLFLOWER--AND THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I AM!
DOREEN, READ THIS BAD BREATH ADVERT! AND THEN--WELL, DO WHAT IT SAYS....SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOUR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
NOW LISTEN CHAPS! I BROUGHT DOREEN TO THIS PARTY--AND I'M TAKING HER HOME!
THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN TOWN!

COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!

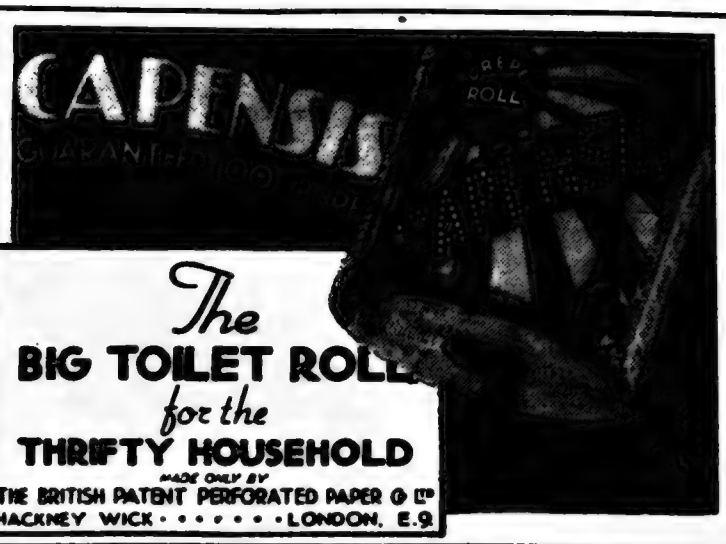
"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach . . . removes decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull teeth and much tooth decay. Also, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent makes teeth sparkle!"

HOW TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY
quickly, simply, thoroughly!

TODAY, when homes are crowded, and there is much to be done, the quick, simple, effective action of Harpic is appreciated by housewives. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It reaches that hidden bend where no brush can get, cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Sold in tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON


CAPENSIS
The BIG TOILET ROLL for the THRIFTY HOUSEHOLD
MADE ONLY BY
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO LTD
HACKNEY WICK · · · · · · · LONDON, E.9

WHY CHILDREN ARE FRETFUL

Just think how uncomfortable it must be for a child to carry about a lot of poisonous, fermenting waste-matter in his bowels! No wonder children sometimes are "little devils" for no apparent reason! They must have daily relief for their bowels, or you can't expect them to be sunny and happy.

The safest way to give your child a thorough internal cleansing is 'California Syrup of Figs.' It sets up a natural movement that carries away all the clogging, hard waste-matter and leaves the little inside sweetened and clean. Once a child has got rid of all that disagreeable sour matter he's the picture of brightness again.

'California Syrup of Figs' is a pure fruit laxative, and gives the bowels the gentle, safe, natural aid they need. Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend 'California Syrup of Figs,' and strongly advise mothers to adopt the plan of a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' once a week. It keeps the child regular, happy and well. Get a bottle to-day, but be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/5 and 2/10 (Including Purchase Tax) with full directions. The larger size is the cheaper in the long run.

WORRY FLOODS STOMACH WITH ACID

Doctors have found that during periods of nerve tension, worry, or threat of danger, a rush of excess acid floods the stomach. This excess acid does not increase your digestive powers—it works just the other way. It soaks quickly into the stomach's contents, so that the food you have eaten sours and ferments and turns into a lumpy, tough mass. Now if these periods of anxiety constantly recur, you may be heading for chronic trouble.

Don't let this dangerous condition get the better of you—don't even let it get started. Wherever you are—whatever you are doing—take two 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets immediately you feel your stomach 'turn over.' 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will instantly kill the excess acid and calm and soothe the stomach nerves.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the safe, sure brand of antacid doctors have been recommending for years, because they can rely on it doing its job.

Get these pleasant mint flavoured 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets today. Obtainable everywhere in handy tins. 7d. and 1/1½d. Carry a tin with you always (no water needed). Also family sizes 2/3d. and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Be sure to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

The gargantuan body that brought fame and fortune to Carnera was also his greatest handicap, for it made him always a figure of ridicule. Even at the height of his career he was just a

PATHETIC GIANT

By A. W. Helliwell

ONE evening in November, 1929, a 20-stone giant with a pip of a black eye eased his enormous bulk into a creaking chair at the same table as the Prince of Wales, and in blushing confusion tried to find the correct knife and fork among the bewildering array of cutlery flanking his plate.

His embarrassment was excusable. Less than six months before he had been tramping the Continent, a ragged and penniless hobo, so poor that he could not afford shoes and had to wear strips of wood strapped to the soles of his outsized feet.

A loaf of bread and a mountain of spaghetti would have been his idea of a luxurious meal, but there he was—his English vocabulary confined to a booming double-bass "Yes" and "No"—dining at the same table as the Prince of Wales and feeling about as happy as a fish out of water.

But that black eye was his greatest shame.

Eating was his paramount joy—his starvation days were still a vivid and unpleasant memory. But he allowed one course after another to go untouched while he shuffled his boat-size shoes uncomfortably under the table and awkwardly endeavoured to hide his "shiner" with one hami-like hand.

Out of His Depth

Poor Carnera! In spite of his gargantuan physique and the terrifying, animal-like ferocity of his temper when roused, he has always been a figure of fun.

Even when he was world champion and had acquired a fat bank balance, a stylish wardrobe, and a Broadway accent, he still remained a pathetic giant, sadly and hopelessly out of his depth in the slick world in which he moved.

"I am through," he said after he had been stricken with paralysis in his fight with Leroy Haynes. "No more fights, no more courts, no more quarrels over dough—just peace."

Just peace! That was something I am sure he did not know for two minutes together from the moment his freakish proportions singled him out for pugilistic fame, and I am prepared to bet that he would have been happier if he had never laced on a boxing glove or set foot in a ring.

Carnera was not cut out for the rôle that was thrust upon him. He is a simple-minded peasant who would have been content to labour in the sunshine all his life if he could have earned enough to satisfy his ever-gnawing appetite.

His earliest memories are of being hungry, and he stayed hungry until he got into the leather-pushing business and exchanged that empty feeling in his stomach for a packet of trouble.

His parents could not afford to keep him—they would have found it cheaper to feed a pet lion than their huge offspring—and so it was that one day Primo set out from the little Italian village of Sequals with a hunk of dry bread and some garlic knotted into a coloured kerchief.

On the Tramp

He tramped from Italy into France, from town to town and from village to village, working for a time in a marble quarry, then in a timber yard, and again as a wrestler with a travelling circus.

And all the time he was hungry. Never could he earn enough to buy a really satisfying meal.

He still wore the same ragged hotchpotch of garments in which he had left Sequals, and as he grew he slowly burst out of them, so that when finally Leon See discovered him and saw the promise in his mighty frame, poor Carnera's trousers were half-way to his knees, while his tattered shirt was strained perilously across his great shoulders.

And in less than six months this 20-stone, 6 ft. 7 in. giant had so captured the public imagination that he was fighting for £1,000 purses and dining in the company of royalty!

The pace was too swift for him. The sudden, bewildering transformation from rags to riches was more than he could cope with.

When I first met him he was gauche, awkward, almost stupidly shy. He could neither speak nor understand English, and his only social asset was a wide grin which, at the slightest provocation, he would flash at you with a dazzling and rather startling display of half-inch teeth.

Most of the time he spent fiddling with his huge hands—he did not seem to know where to put them—and shuffling his feet to and fro, and I was very relieved when the interview, if you could so describe such a wordless interlude, was ended.

Never Really Happy

Later, of course, after his trip to America, where he got into the really big money and won the world title from Sharkey, Carnera acquired more poise, but he is never really happy in the company of strangers.

He is very self-conscious about his grotesque build.

Since boyhood everyone has laughed at him. Wherever he goes people turn to stare and point and chuckle.

Carnera is hypersensitive about this. Even when he realised that it was his gigantic body that had brought him fame and fortune he was still ashamed of being a freak.

He made something like £200,000 in nine years, but you could not call him lucky. The simple, easy-going, good-natured Italian was a sucker where money was concerned, and when he came back to England a few years ago, vainly looking for a fight—the doctors refused to pass him medically fit—he was broke, and was at one time arrested in his hotel room for the non-payment of income tax.

Even his romance went wrong, and the breach of promise fight between him and Emilia Tersini, the pretty Soho restaurant waitress, was waged for many months before she was finally awarded £4,000 damages.

Carnera was paid £100 for his first fight in this country. It took the "Ambling Alp" exactly sixty seconds to deposit Jack Stanley on the canvas with a neat right upper-cut.

He then picked up an easy £1,000 for a two-weeks music-hall engagement, after which he was matched with Young Stribling, the "Georgia Peach," at the Albert Hall.

Frankenstein Monster

Primo's wages on this occasion were £1,000, in return for which he provided a pugilistic spectacle that—in my experience, at any rate—is unrivalled.

For the best part of three rounds Stribling boxed rings round the Italian. The American was at this time in the front rank of the world's heavyweights, and, completely undaunted by his opponent's overwhelming physical advantages, he slipped in and out peppering the bewildered Carnera with snappy lefts and rights.

Then, half-way through the third round, he suddenly dropped the giant with a beautifully timed right hook to the jaw.

Carnera went down with a crash that shook the ring, and as he climbed slowly to his feet a sudden hush fell upon the packed arena, for his usually bovine countenance was twisted into a mask of terrifying ferocity.

For the first time in his life the giant had been hurt, and, like some Frankenstein monster, he advanced upon Stribling, mouthing horrible animal-like snarls of rage.

Gone were all the boxing lessons in which he had been schooled. The lust for revenge flared up in his huge body, and he rushed in with his great fists flailing wildly.

Somehow or other, largely because of Carnera's berserk wildness, the more experienced Stribling managed to weather the round, but in the next the Italian, who all through the breather had glared across the ring, restrained only with difficulty by his seconds, hurled himself upon Stribling and proceeded to batter the American with dreadful blows.

It was in the middle of this mêlée that Stribling swung the low punch that disqualified him for the first time in his honourable career. I am positive that he was not in his right senses when he did so, for it was plain that the frightening fury of Carnera's temper had him bordering on panic.

Their return encounter—a much-publicised "revenge" match—packed the Velodrome d'H.ver, Paris, and ended equally sensationally.

This time Carnera was the culprit. After being out-boxed with almost ridiculous ease for six rounds, he suddenly went berserk again in the seventh and began to belabour Stribling with murderous punches.

He still continued after the gong had sounded, and for a few ugly seconds it seemed that he would do Stribling some serious injury.

First the referee and then Leon See and his seconds endeavoured to hold him back, seizing his wrists and clinging to his waist, but Carnera shook them off like a bull baited by terrier dogs.

Finally they managed to drag him to his corner and pacify him, while Stribling was shepherded from the ring.

Since his retirement Carnera has been a sick man. That magnificent physique has begun to decay, his enormous strength to fail, his brain, never overbright, has grown even duller.

The last news I had of him was that he had been rejected as unfit for the Italian Army—and from what we know of Mussolini's troops that makes Primo a very sick man indeed!

Carnera retired to his native village a sick man, and here you see his brother giving him a helping hand during his convalescence

---

Keeping Your Home In Good Repair

SO great is the response to JOHN BULL'S new war time privilege book offer, *The Handyman's Complete Self-Educator*, that readers who have not yet applied for this work must do so at once. The offer must be withdrawn in a few days.

This book contains 600 pages, 230,000 words, and nearly 600 diagrams, drawings and plans that show how and why to do hundreds and hundreds of jobs in the home. In these days when so much skilled labour is employed in war work, every man and woman should know how to carry out simple repairs and decorating jobs if they want to keep their homes in good order. Turn to page 23 and send in your application now.

The Last Laugh

G. C. (High Wycombe).—"An old shoe, thrown at my wedding, hit me bang on the forehead." Well, that should have made you realise you were married more than any amount of confetti.

E. T. (Redruth).—"I put my arm round her waist and scratched myself badly on a pin that was in her jumper." Just a warning that this was a restricted area.

M. L. (Mexborough).—"In my opinion the fingerprints of everybody, including children, should be on record." The children's generally are—on the drawing-room wallpaper.

W. S. Y. (Morden).—"I was squeezed in the Tube during an early morning rush, and finally came out at the wrong exit." Just what happens to our toothpaste.

ACCOUNTANT (London, S.W.).—"I should feel out of place serving on a jury." Good heavens, surely you're not used to the dock!

MRS. D. (Porchester).—"The woman pays every time." Yes, out of the housekeeping money supplied by her husband.

G. K. (South Molton).—"I proposed to her while she was swimming in the local baths, but I received a very scathing refusal." Did she say she would rather scuttle herself first?

A. N. (Finchley).—"I am glad you read my MS. I think I will write a mystery novel now." The mystery being who will publish it?

G. K. (Birkenhead).—"I am a self-made man and what do you think I believe in?" Yourself.

MRS. F. M. (Northumberland).—"I can't get silk stockings for less than 10s. a pair. What do women get them for down your way?" Covering their legs.

F. H. (Edenbridge).—"I told her she could say just what she liked about me, but she never said another word." Then, evidently, there was nothing about you that she did like.

E. N. (Fakenham).—"Have you any experience in removing superfluous hair?" We've taken one out of our soup now and again.

M. N. (Peterborough).—"I hope you got the cheque I sent for my annual subscription." Yes, we got it twice—once from you and once from the bank.

FLOSSIE (Braunton).—"When I registered, I told them that I wanted a good time and the fine feathers that go with it." If you're not careful, you'll get the bird as well.

MISS F. (East Ham).—"What do you think happened to the little kitten I showed you at your office some time ago?" It grew into a cat.

W. Y. (Hurstpierpoint).—"You will note that I'm saving paper by using both sides." You're still extravagant.

ALICE (King's Lynn).—"I would like to see my equal at cleaning. I've carefully swept a 10,000 sq. ft. floor in an hour." And on observer duty we've closely swept the whole horizon in a minute.

H. W. (Swansea).—"What's good for biting finger-nails?" Sharp teeth, we should say.

PROFESSOR (Oxford).—"I am to give a rather long lecture, but there is no clock in the lecture-hall, so how can I make sure I don't overdo the thing?" Keep your eye on the calendar.

N. W. (Nottingham).—"People are always sticking their noses into my business." You're a handkerchief manufacturer?

O. R. (Farnborough).—"A dense crowd turned up to hear my speech." Still, we hope you managed to convince them.

N. T. (Nantwich).—"Don't you think it's often very difficult to tell a woman's age?" Yes—for her.

I. N. (Gloucester).—"My wife has left me simply because I used to come home occasionally with another man." The milkman?

J. J. (Teignmouth). — "The other night I saw my girl friend in her true colours." Why, had she run out of make-up?

COMPOSER (Esher).—"Some of the tunes I have written lately have been recognised by the publishers." They recognised where they came from?

CHRISSIE (Sheffield).—"There's one thing I like about men wearing open-necked shirts. They always seem to be free." Of course they are. They have no ties.

INSURANCE AGENT (London).—"I once got a man to insure his life for £20,000. A few weeks later he fell out of a window and was killed. A very good thing that he took out the policy." Did you marry the widow?

(Side-Slips: See page 19)

"And remember, my man—no matter what branch of the Service you belong to, you have your back to the wall! There must be no falling back!"

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

Have you open wounds that send you nearly mad with pain? Is your leg raw, sore, inflamed and burning? Have you varicose veins causing swelling, tiredness, heaviness and pain?

SUFFER NO LONGER!

Know now as an indisputable truth there is a powerful treatment far beyond all others which will quickly get your painful ulcerated sore and inflamed leg sound and well. Yours to-day is the choice of pain or ease, festering wounds and ulcers, or sound and healthy legs. The cure you have sought for years is here now! Grasp the great opportunity. Throw away that old rag or plaster—that useless stuff of odds and ends that never cures. A new vista opens out for you. A great Treatment for Bad Legs, unlike anything you have ever had or known before, is here to cure your leg trouble.

STOP THAT PAIN!

Get a new sound healthy leg. Have treatment which heals wounds, cures ulcers, relieves pain, kills itching, banishes irritation, reduces swelling and relieves unbearable heaviness and tiredness of the legs. This powerful individual home treatment has earned the blessings of thousands now happily cured. The same happy results await you. No matter how bad your leg is, nor how long you have suffered nor what remedies have failed you—WRITE TO-DAY. A Valuable Album and Illustrated Publication, teeming with sound advice on Bad Legs, will be sent you FREE. Address your letter or Post Card:

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward B.L.

Great Clowes St., Broughton, Manchester, 7

When you leave your work does it leave you?

TAKE YOUR ENGINE OFF YOUR NERVES WITH

Koray

BRAND TABLETS

When you've stopped driving, do the wheels still go round in your head? When your hands are no longer steering, do your feet still go up and down on pedals that aren't there? Take KORAY and take your work off your nerves. KORAY means rest—sweet sleep, renewed energy, freedom from aches. At once, this amazing pink tablet brings glorious peace to jangled, overstrained nerves. And it simply smashes pain of all kinds. Get KORAY to-day, and keep on top.

KORAY GIVES INSTANT SAFE RELIEF in cases of "Nerves," Head Pains, Toothache, Rheumatic Pains, Sleeplessness, Sore Throat, Influenza, Feverish Colds, Malaria, Feminine Ailments, etc.

KORAY LTD., London, S.E., and at Blackpool

Rheumatic Acids SETTLED IN HIS HIP until Fynnon shifted them

Rheumatic acids got into Mr. G.H.F.'s hip—but he shifted them. See how!

"I have experienced really wonderful results since taking regularly each morning a dose of your Fynnon Salt in hot water as a cure for a very acute attack of rheumatism in my left side. It seemed to have settled in my hip. Am now practically cured. I can get about more freely with little or no pain."

Fynnon Salt contains the natural salts of Lithium, Potassium and Sodium—the very salts which 'root out' and destroy rheumatic acids. Take Fynnon if you have lumbago, neuritis, sciatica fibrositis, joint or muscular pains. A large tin of Fynnon Salt costs 1/5., Trial size 7d., including Purchase Tax. From all chemists.

Fynnon Salt

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Road, Brentford, Middx.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

BANISHES

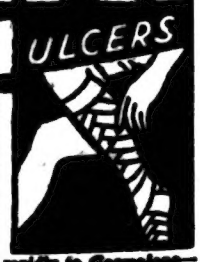
SPRING BLEMISHES

"My face was covered with pimples," writes G. A. F., London. "I bought a tin of Germolene, applied a little to my face, when I awoke next morning my blemishes had vanished"

SKIN IRRITATION

"I have suffered with Eczema for a number of years," reports M. L., London, N.7. "The irritation, at night especially, was a torture until I tried Germolene. The result was marvellous."

LEG ULCERS



"I had been suffering for a long time with an Ulcer on my shin—my leg was red-raw and my foot badly swollen" says J.M. "I used Germolene twice a day and now my leg is healed."

Skin troubles respond rapidly to Germolene—the world's greatest healing ointment. From seasonal rash to a long-standing ulcer, the results are just as marvellous. Prevents the entry of blood-poisoning germs, soothes itching, stops inflammation, and clears skin troubles in record time.

Sold Everywhere 7d., 1/5, 2/6 & 13/6. Per Tin. Including Purchase Tax.

£100 First Prize—"BULLETS" 1,274.

W. H. Burns, 73, Pierce Street, Liverpool.
Example: [illegible]
Bullet: "[illegible] IT! Permanent IT!

£20 Second Prize: J. Hazelton, 58, Appleton Road, Benfleet, Essex.
Example: Take Your Children and
Bullet: Thankfully Watch Pembroke's "Thermometer"!

£10 Third Prize: Mrs. F. Wiltshire, 292, Dumfries Street, Treorchy, Glam.
Example: Mrs. Smith
Bullet: Misses "Smith & Son."

£5: W. J. Cohen, 20, Bentley Street, Camberwell, S.E.
On Top Of [illegible] Bullet—Bentley's "London."

£4: J. Hartley, 5, Lindrith Avenue, Gorton, Manchester.
British Summer—"Standard" Full "Storm Ended."

£3: R. Wheatley, 15, Langdale Avenue, Leeds.
Mother's School—Almost Runaway's "Pitch," Anyway.

£2: T. Ironmonger, The Larches, Cartridge, Newbury, Berks.
Rest Of Show—Six Jenny Reads "Upsetting."

30s.: W. Wigglesworth, Forest Road, New Ollerton, Notts.
Mussy's Daughter—"Getting Down—Shrinking "Down."

30s.: R. G. Patterson, "Long Acre," 295, Hunts Cross Avenue, Woolton, Liverpool.
British Success—Something Absolute—Tattooing Rule!

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE—USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

SIMPLY add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* and you have made a *Bullet*. Since that very *Bullet* may prove a big winner and bring you a big cash prize, spend a little time altering and adjusting the wording, improving it as much as possible.

Aim at the simplicity, snap and sparkle you see in the latest prize-winning *Bullets* in this column, and on Friday, June 6, your reward may arrive in the shape of a £100 *Bullets* Joy Wire!

VITAL TO BRITAIN
WHAT'S GOING ON
CIVILISATION V. HITLER
THIS SUMMER
SOME PEOPLE THINK
WINNING
AT SEA
DESPITE THE DAMAGE
EASY ENOUGH
ALL DAD CAN DO
TO SAVE THE SITUATION
HUNS
SHOWS HE'S WINDY
MADE THINGS HUM
GRANDPA'S TOUGH, SO
SLAVERY
TREAT FOR SONNY
SLACKERS
FRAGRANT MEMORY
IT CAN BE DONE, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Battle Of ..... | Mistake .. Makes
Behind ..... | Let's Be ..... And
Angel Of ..... | Man We Must....

37s.: A. Caddies, 8c, Seright Square, Hurlford, Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.
Now She's In Uniform—Marching Down Lovers' Lane!

36s.: Mrs. C. Mayne, Gidleigh Park, Chagford.
Now Auntie's In Uniform—Passing Silks? Passing Spells!

35s.: C. C. Widlar, St. John's "A," Hillcrest Road, Biggin Hill, Kent. (Entered on Prize Coupon.)
Winston's Way—"Long Road"—Following *Hitler*.

34s.: Mrs. V. M. Pearce, 2, Rosetta Street, Wilton Road, S. Lambeth, S.W.
Army Sailor—Zipped Her—Ripped Gear!

33s.: G. B. Sheppard, 4, Bonchurch Road, Morton Park, S.W.
Slice Of Pork—Six Lumps—*Hundred* Stooges!

32s.: Miss A. Warwick, 81, Sandgate, Blackpool.
To Finish The Job—Small Dentist Classified Tug!

All above cash prizes-winners receive Extra Award as announced. A list of 5 Winners of 20s. plus Extra Award, can be seen at these offices. The 100 Sixpence Awards and 2,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE UP TO £20 Each of the 10 other winners who entered 4 or more *Bullets* for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-

ENTRY-FEE No P.O. or Stamps required for each 2 *BULLETS*. Fee for 6—2/-; 8—2/6; 10—3/-. Postal Orders to be made payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., and NOT marked "Not Negotiable."

DON'T MISS YOUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN

You are invited to affix 1d. stamp in space provided and then make sure of your "Bullets" Bulletin obtaining. Aim to help you win, by and also this opportunity to secure your 3,000-word Guide to success.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

RULES

1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS - GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s. EXTRA 3 EFFORTS ON PLAIN PAPER —6d. ONLY.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

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Address .....

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1,274 Closing Postmark MON., MAY 26

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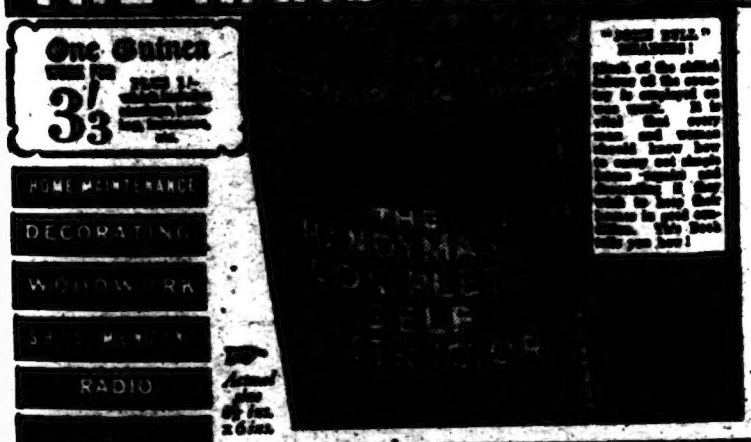

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NEARLY 600 PAGES! 230,000 WORDS! NEARLY 600 PICTURES!

TO-DAY, as never before, every householder must be able to carry out simple home repairs. Domestic conditions—"easy go," pitiful employment, and, with so many engaged on National Service, it is the duty of every person to be prepared to do almost any job himself—and outside jobs—if he wishes to keep his home in good condition. That is why "JOHN BULL" great new Practical Book of Home Maintenance, "THE HANDYMAN'S COMPLETE SELF-INSTRUCTOR"—is so tremendously successful. It tells you everything you want to know about home repairs, improvements, additions, etc., from building a cupboard to fitting a new washer on a tap. And this after you have paid only a few days' wages! You HURT only at once for your copy. This book is a WAR TIME PUBLISHING MIRACLE! Containing nearly 600 pages, 230,000 words and almost 600 pictures, coloured drawings, plans and charts, this work is a NEW IDEA in books for every practical man. This volume not only gives a practical understanding of HOW to do every job, but practical information on WHY it is done.

You would consider this work well worth One Guinea, yet, because of its great national importance when it is the duty of everyone to learn how to do things for himself, "John Bull" makes it available at a low price—one which everyone can afford. You need no money now, but you must complete and post the Order Label below at once. Supplies are limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. POST THE ORDER LABEL TO-DAY WITHOUT FAIL.

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Painting—Whitewashing—Paperhanging—Building and Repairs—Repairing Furniture—Making Tiles—Repairing Gutters—Leaky Roofs—Carpentry—French Polishing—Staining—Fixing Gutters—Damp Walls—Electricity—Preventing Dampness—Painting—Fixing Shelves—Making Tools—Plastering—Colour and Varnishing—Repairing Locks—Fixing Taps—Fixing Radiators—Boiler Troubles—Fixing and Cleaning Grates—Repairing Roofs—Blocked Gutters—Concreting Window Frames—Repairing and Adjusting a Car, Motor-cycle—Etc., etc.

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

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FOOD FACTS

No. 40

Everyone likes to have something new to *wear* in spring—but a better tonic still is something new to *eat*. So here are two recipes that we don't think you have ever tried before. They are easy to make and, what is more, the ingredients are economical.

Savoury Charlotte

You will need 2 lbs. mixed vegetables, 1 small wheatmeal loaf, 2 rashers streaky bacon, 1 tablespoonful wheatmeal flour, 3 tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, salt and pepper. **Enough for 4 or 5 people.**

Prepare and dice the vegetables and cook until tender in just enough water to cover, seasoning with salt and pepper. Cut off the bacon rinds and cook with the vegetables. Grill the rashers. Cut slices of bread about ¼ in. thick to fit the top and bottom of a cake tin (don't use the crusts). Then cut the rest of the bread into fingers about 1 in. wide and ¼ in. thick and the same height as your cake tin. Dip all the bread into the fat from the grilled bacon. Cover the bottom of the tin with the slice of bread and press the fingers neatly round the side, fitting them closely together.

When the vegetables are cooked, drain them (saving the liquid of course) and mash thoroughly with a fork. Make a ½ pint of parsley sauce by thickening the vegetable liquid with the flour and adding 2 tablespoonfuls of the parsley and add it to the mash. Stir in the bacon, chopped small, and pour the mixture into the cake tin. Fit the lid of bread on top. Cover with a margarine paper. Bake in a moderate oven for about 30 minutes when the charlotte should turn out firm and crisp. Sprinkle with parsley and serve with parsley sauce or brown gravy.

Those left-over crusts.

Crisp them in the oven and use as rusks. In war-time it is criminal to waste any bread. Save the wheat ships for munitions.

—and a Sweet

Here is a new notion for using the sweetness of beetroot to make a nice sweet pudding with *very* little sugar.

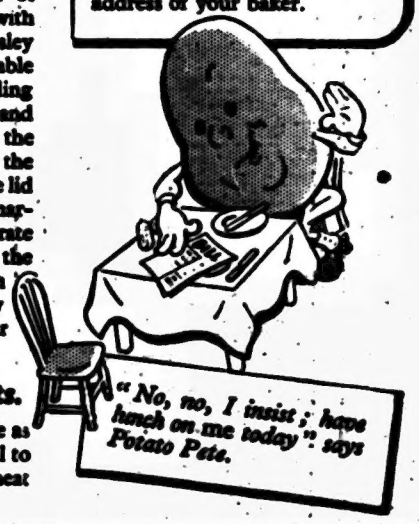
First mix 6 ozs. wheatmeal flour with ½ teaspoonful baking powder. Rub in 1½ ozs. fat and add 1 oz. sugar and 4 ozs. cooked or raw beetroot *very* finely grated.

Now mix all the ingredients to a soft cake consistency with 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of milk. Add a few drops of flavouring essence if you have it. Turn the mixture into a greased pie dish or square tin and bake immediately in a moderate oven for 35-40 minutes. This pudding tastes equally good hot or cold. **Enough for 4.**

Give them Beans.

Look ahead to next winter, and plant beans *now*. Haricots are the best kind. You'll be glad to have a store of them. They are fine food, and a clever cook can work wonders with them.

THIS is the Question of the Week: *did you get your National Wheatmeal Bread?* More and more bakers are baking it now, but if you *can't* get it locally write to the Ministry of Food, London, S.W.1, giving the name and address of your baker.



THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1.

MILLIONS get RELIEF!

Colds—Feverishness & 'Flu

Two 'ASPRO' tablets taken with a hot drink at inception dispel them in one night. Through its antipyretic action 'ASPRO' reduces the temperature and the aches, shivery sensations are banished.

Rheumatic Twinges—Lumbago etc.

After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' has pronounced germicidal properties and disperses uric acid from the joints. That is why it dispels the cause as well as the pain in cases of rheumatic complaints.

Many are astonished by the variety of 'ASPRO' uses—the speed and certainty of the results obtained. The fact is that 'ASPRO' gets at the causes of a wide diversity of human ills—it eliminates them from the system. The old idea of treating fifty ills fifty different cumbersome ways is recognised as out of date and inefficient. Literally millions of people are using 'ASPRO'—proving it—praising it. Every day brings fresh successes—fresh news of pain soothed and suffering dispelled. Thousands have written us and their letters are conclusive evidence that whether their trouble be pain or sleeplessness, colds or feverish complaints, rheumatic troubles or nerve strain—

Pain—Sleeplessness Nerve Strain

'ASPRO' banishes pain in a few minutes. It has a wonderful soothing action on the nerves and brings sweet sleep where sleep just would not come.

'ASPRO' Puts them RIGHT!

Such a comfort says Rheumatic Sufferer

Dear Sirs, 278 Uppingham Road, Leicester.
I suppose to pass 'ASPRO' my grateful thanks for the benefits that I derived from them. I have demonstrations in my factories and the 'ASPRO' tablets are much a comfort. My whole family always take them. They are so useful in every home. You can use my name for anything you wish.
Yours truly, MRS. WRIGHT.

'ASPRO' protects whole family

Dear Sirs, Alexander Street, Waterford, Ireland.
Again I write to express my heartfelt thanks to 'ASPRO'. Five of us in one family stricken with 'flu, but not one day in bed and no doctor's bills, owing to 'ASPRO'. On service in the Army I found that the best way to relieve fatigue and stand up to long route marches was by taking 'ASPRO'. Fit as a fiddle after forty miles, thanks to 'ASPRO'.
Yours truly, R. S. A.

Nerves wonderfully steadied

Dear Sirs, 6 Nightingale Road, Petersham, Kent.
I still find great benefit in taking the 'ASPRO', especially for the broken nights' rest we are all getting. They steady my nerves wonderful.
Yours truly, ANTONIA E. GRAY (Mrs.).

Helping the Nation by Helping the Workers

Dear Sirs,—I may say that 'ASPROS' have done more to steady my nerves than anything. They have proved their value to me in the last ago, but they are worth their weight in gold to me in these trying times.
In the big canteen where I work at an air factory there's over 500 dinners served out every day and I notice 'ASPRO' gets served almost every day as well, for I've told the tired workers that they can't do better for themselves than take 'ASPROS.' My mother is 76 and never goes to bed at night without taking two of your tablets.
I remain, Yours sincerely,
(signed) CONSTANCE SPENCER, (Miss)

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'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

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ASPRO

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INFLUENZA, HEADACHES, SLEEPLESSNESS OR INSOMNIA, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, GOUT, COLDS, LUMBAGO, IRRITABILITY, NEURITIS, HAY FEVER, NERVE SHOCK, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, ALCOHOLIC AFTER EFFECTS, SORE THROAT & TONSILITIS, MALARIA, ASTHMA

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE
Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deodorant.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS STOCK & DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

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